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## The Week

THERE are excellent diplomatic reasons for considering seriously the President's request that the Federal government be empowered by law to see that aliens receive the protection to which they are entitled by treaty and international law. When any of our own citizens are murdered in a Latin-American country, we hold the government of that country responsible. And we should assume a very grave attitude if the government in question were to inform us that the matter lay in the jurisdiction of a state or local government, to which we could not even send representations under the rules of international practice. Mexico would be lucky to get off with merely a punitive expedition, if she dealt in such subterfuges. The only just criticism that can be brought against the President's stand is that he should not have mixed the matter up with the pending industrial dispute, and so have given the impression that he was seeking a new device for bringing the power of the Federal government to bear in time of strikes. Two Mexicans were killed at Herrin, it is alleged, and the murderers have not been brought to justice. In the last eight years hundreds of Mexicans have been killed in the border states, and the murderers go unpunished. The scandal is monstrous enough to deserve a message to itself.

WHILE the President is concerning himself with the rights of aliens, Representative George W. Edmonds of Pennsylvania is casting about for means to inflict new wrongs. He has introduced a bill that any alien who is found in attendance at any riotous gathering, or at any meeting in which the destruction of the government of the United States is advocated, shall be seized, together with his wife and children, and deported. The alien need not have had anything to do with organizing such a meeting. He need not have approved of anything proposed at the meeting. He need not even have heard the seditious proposals, which might have been made by an agent provocateur employed to rid a community of undesired aliens. He was present: off with him, and his wife and children, to Armenia, Russia, Poland, Montenegro, or whatever other nest of misery he might have fled from. Of course there is not the remotest chance of such a measure becoming law. But it is none the less a portent that any American should stand up as sponsor for a proposal of such brutal stupidity.

BECAUSE foreign born miners in the non-union Connelsville region joined the strike, the operators have issued an order barring from employment all Slovaks, Hungarians, Poles and Slavs, whether foreign born or native born, except those who remained at work through the present strike. Hitherto these foreign born workers have been the solid bulwark of the operators against unionism. In this strike the bulwark crumbled, and the operators are seeking a new bulwark in "American


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labor," largely Negro. This is not the first indication that the struggle between organized labor and employers who claim rule by divine right is entering upon a new phase. Since the employers can no longer count upon docile alien labor they are turning their attention to the potentialities of Negro labor, insulated by race prejudice against the forces of organization. Perhaps they are miscalculating. The organization movement was strong enough to break down the American prejudice against the "Wops." It may yet break down the prejudice against the Negro.

THERE are two obstacles to cleaning the slate of war crimes and releasing political prisoners. One is the invincible ignorance of the President, who still believes that these men, or some of them, are in prison for attempting or advocating the destruction of the government by force and violence. The other is something like pride of place which dictates his refusal to review the cases of the I. W. W. prisoners (and there are fifty-two of them) who refuse to make individual application for pardon. To these die-hards such application is a compromise of principle, a repudiation of the organization as members of which they were tried and convicted. It cannot be denied that they have excellent precedent for their position. Paul and Silas in prison at Philippi were curtly released by order of the magistrates. Paul commented on the illegal nature of the entire proceedings and closed by demanding: "Let them come themselves to set us free." And since it appeared that Paul and Silas had certain rights of citizenship, the magistrates in fear and trembling did just that.

M. POINCARÉ continues to use the occasion of the dedication of monuments to the dead soldiers to destroy all that they fought for, and to sow the seeds of hate and future war. At Thiaucourt he recalled to the inhabitants the outrages of which they had been the victims and spurred them to reprisal.

> You who were witnesses to these horrors, (he said) you who saw fall beneath German bullets your parents, your wives, your children, your friends, how can you comprehend that today there are people in the world blind enough to advise you to leave unpunished the authors of these crimes and to abandon for the benefit of the Germans the indemnities they owe your martyred families?

Meanwhile M. Poincaré is visiting retaliation in kind—for every atrocity in occupied France a hundred insults in occupied Germany. He gives literal sanction to Dean Inge's solemn words of requiem for the dead: "We can only hope that in the paradise of brave men the knowledge is mercifully concealed from them that they died in vain."

WHATEVER prestige the Reparations Commission may have had at the outset is rapidly vanishing. It no longer reaches its decisions through an independent judgment of the facts, but is forced to adjust them to the will of the Allied governments on pain of express repudiation. The experts of the Commission may agree that Germany must have a moratorium. But Poincaré orders the French representative to stand immovably against such action and gives warning that, whatever the Reparations Commission may decide, France will insist on collecting the sums she is demanding, and will take such measures as she pleases to force their collection. Therewith the Reparations Commission is compelled to warp its decisions to the will of Poincaré. In the circumstances there is no good reason why the Commission should not be abolished.

GERMAN economic collapse would affect the American industrial situation indirectly through a general European depression, directly through cutting off imports from America. German imports of American copper would shrink from 238,000,000 pounds during the last fiscal year to almost nothing. There would be a great decline in cotton imports, of which Germany took a value of $130,000,000. Germany took 21,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 1,500,000 barrels of flour, besides important quantities of bacon and milk products. All these items will shrink to negligible proportions if German industry goes down. They represent small fractions in our total production, but small fractions often operate very powerfully on price levels.

A NEW eccentricity of tariff psychology appeared in connection with the oil cake and oil meal schedule. Although the raw material comes from the farm, these are manufactured products and their destination in consumption is the farm; hence a duty upon them would seem to be a tax on the farmer. But it is argued that oil cake and meal tend to displace corn as a cattle food and the duty upon them is really in protection of corn. The farmer who pays a higher price for his oil cake and meal feed is supposed merely to cast his bread upon the water and find it in the increased price of his corn. Apparently the tariff makers distrusted their ability to make this clear to the farmer, for they left oil cake and meal on the free list.

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UNPLEASANT suggestions continue to arise in regard to the relation of the United States Shipping Board to the Volstead Act. Mr. August A. Busch bobs up again with the question, what would happen if several American passengers on board the George Washington should buy a stock of liquor from the government over the bar of the vessel, bring it ashore, and offer to pay duties? Would the government prosecute as felons the men to whose felony it was itself accessory? The only way to see is for Mr. Busch to try it. We hope he will. We do not like Mr. Busch. We suspect that he is not one hundred percent.

NORTHWESTERN University has found a solution for the problem of industries paying wages insufficient to maintain a family. The university does not have to go afield for the materials of the problem, since itself falls among the "human deficit" industries, paying its instructors from $35 to $40 a week, in a suburb where cost of living is extremely high. Now for the solution: Instructors in Northwestern are not to marry, unless they have independent means. Why have the coal and railway barons never thought of that, as a solution of the problem of living wages? It is time for them to join with Northwestern University in making marriage a privilege attached to the possession of wealth.

## The President's Strike Message

THE President's message on the strike situation has not pleased everybody. Mr. Gompers pronounces it ill timed, and fears that it will retard the progress of settlement. There is nobody who can speak for organized capital so authoritatively as Mr. Gompers speaks for organized labor. But the press which commonly expresses the opinions of big business is either silent or guardedly critical. It had been rumored that the President's message would lean toward the employers' side. If it does, the leaning is not sufficiently pronounced to produce a symphony of jubilation. Instead there is a murmuring that the President's policy, though good so far as it goes, is weak, and lacking in constructive quality.

If big words and threats of force alone mean strength, the President's message is weak. That issue we shall leave to the definition makers. There are other qualities besides "strength" that we have a right to look for in the pronouncements of the President of the United States. Fairmindedness is one of these qualities. Candor is another. Modesty may not come amiss, either, in view of the complexity of the problems that confront a President. In these qualities, we submit, the President's message deserves a distinguished place among American state documents. The President does not present a finished program, but rather mounts the rostrum to think aloud, and pretty much in the terms in which every disinterested American must think, before we shall be morally and intellectually prepared to proceed with solutions. We all need to go through a process of education. President Harding offers himself as an example of an honest man, as badly cluttered with prejudices and preconceptions as the rest of his fellow citizens, painfully educating himself to face the facts as they are.

We are at the mercy of the United Mine Workers, he repeats in the manner of his earlier preconceptions. But in late weeks he has learned something. He recognizes now that the blame for the inauguration and continuance of the coal strike does not rest on the workers alone. He has learned that there are two dominant groups, each insisting on its own absolute will—the United Mine Workers, with their insistence upon a national settlement, and the organized operators, with their insistence upon district settlements. It was the mine workers who rejected the President's arbitration proposal, which he still regards as so "justly inspired" that everybody should have accepted it. But he has made progress since he proposed a single body of commissioners to handle at the same time the problem of an immediate settlement and the very different problem of the ultimate reorganization of the industry. It is to handle the latter problem that he now urges the appointment of a commission independent of the industry, clothed with power to get at all the relevant facts, not only with respect to relations of employers and employed, but with respect to the waste and anarchy of the industry. As for the present strike, the President assumes that it is virtually over and that the immediate problem is one of post-strike profiteering. There is courage in his proposal that this shall be dealt with by a national agency for the purchase, distribution and sale of coal. The President has learned the limitations upon self-restraining private agreements, such as Mr. Hoover has tried out in recent months.

As to the railway strike, the President has been educated away from his earlier view that the strike was directed against the government. He has discovered that "contrary to popular impression," the Labor Board "has little or no power to enforce its decisions." The companies have ignored decisions of the Board, but "the public or the executive had no knowledge of the ignored deci-

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sions because they did not hamper transportation." When the President did at last learn about this state of affairs, he "could more fairly appraise the feelings of the strikers." He thinks they should have accepted the Board's decision, nevertheless, under an appeal for a rehearing. Nor does he disavow the Board's arrogating to itself the power to declare seniority forfeited. But his defense of his own proposal that everybody should return to work with seniority rights unimpaired, and his recognition of the fact that victory or defeat of labor lies in the issue, indicate that the Labor Board has lost prestige with him. The carriers rejected his proposal, and the President could only call on both sides to go back to work, leaving the seniority issue to the Labor Board. A majority of the roads, the President thinks, accepted this proposal. We surmise that when the President has pushed his education a little further he will discover that the carriers' acceptance was not so unconditional as he assumed. Anyway, the unions rejected the plan, and thus ended the President's narrative.

But perhaps the most important discovery that the President has made is that a war is being waged against organized labor. "It is in some degree responsible for the strikes and has hindered attempts at adjustment. . . . The Government has no sympathy or approval for this element of discord in the ranks of industry." It has been the despair of students of the labor situation that the President and the public assumed that there was nothing at stake in the coal and railway strikes except the matter of wages. At last the President has learned that there is also involved the issue of the survival of the unions. And when it comes to this issue he definitely parts company with Mr. Gary and the manufacturers' associations and aligns himself with industrial liberalism.

Naturally the President felt himself compelled to animadvert upon the problem of violence in connection with the coal and rail strikes. Horrible things have happened, and no President mindful of his obligations could pass them over in silence. But apparently the President has yet to learn that violence is not a monopoly of labor. The widespread invasion of the rights of American citizens by private mine guards and by public officials in private pay needs the curb of Presidential disapproval as well as mob violence. The practice of the railway companies in sending out unsafe rolling stock, so far as the Interstate Commerce Commission will let them, is as reprehensible as the action of railway workers in leaving passenger trains stranded in the desert.

The President has still a good deal to learn before he can be said to have reached the condition of neutrality which may fairly be demanded of the chief representative of all the people. But his education is proceeding rapidly. It has not yet attained to a stage in which it yields plans and programs sufficiently matured to offer an adequate basis for the organization of our national key industries, railways and coal. Nevertheless, the President's message ought to give an impetus to whatever industrial statesmanship there is in the legislative branch. It offers a guaranty that any really promising plan will receive sympathetic and intelligent attention from the administration, instead of the prejudiced opposition that was to have been expected.

## Effects of the Shop Strike

IN measuring the effects, present and future, of the railroad shopmen's strike the public has been at sea for the lack of basic analysis which might have been supplied by the newspapers but was overlooked in the search for "news"—that is, incidents which stir the emotions but do not inform. Commuters' trains were late or they were on time. The A. B. & C. R. R. cancelled 23 trains. The X. Y. & Z. R. R. loaded as many cars this week as it did last year at the same time, or it ran every "scheduled" train. An engine lost a tire and a derailment occurred. Various claims are made about the percentage of the "normal" number of shopmen now at work. All these things mean precisely nothing without the establishment of a standard against which railroad performance can be judged. Such a standard can be established only by comparison of the supply of equipment with the demands of traffic.

First, what was the car situation at the beginning of the strike? In order to avoid confusion the carrying of coal will be considered in a separate paragraph. There were reported in good order on July 1, 1922, 60,101 surplus box cars, 10,808 surplus stock cars and 8,818 surplus refrigerator cars. These are the types chiefly used for grain, perishable foodstuffs, live stock and manufactures. At the same time there were reported shortages of box cars aggregating 1,397 and inconsiderable shortages of the other types. When the car supply begins to fall low, shortages appear in some localities simultaneously with surpluses in others, on account of necessarily imperfect distribution. For the week ending July 8th there was little change. On July 15th the surplus box cars had fallen to 51,683, and the others in proportion, while the shortages reported had risen to 3,509 box cars.

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For the week ending July 22nd, the surplus box cars had fallen to 35,145; shortages not yet reported. On July 31st, surplus box cars had decreased to 21,367. At this rate, therefore, the surplus would have entirely disappeared by August 14th, being replaced by a sizable shortage. Each succeeding week after the 14th would intensify the crisis, if the rate remained the same.

The rate of growth in car shortage depends chiefly on two factors—the increase of demand for cars, and the decrease of the supply of cars in good order. The first factor can be estimated by comparison with a previous year, which will show the seasonal change. A conservative year to choose for such comparison is 1920. In 1920 industrial activity was on the decline during the summer and crops were not better than this year. The increase of traffic during the summer of 1920 would therefore not be exceptionally large. Eliminating coal shipments, we find that the average car loadings per week grew from 670,000 in June to 677,000 in July, 754,000 in August, 754,000 in September and 771,000 in October. This eventual increase of 100,000 car loadings per week, or nearly 15 percent over June, was accompanied by a car shortage so severe that even a pooling of equipment under the emergency provisions of the Transportation Act did not satisfy the demand.

In June of 1922, average weekly car loadings, exclusive of coal, were 770,000 or 100,000 more than in 1920. An increase of 15 percent would mean an increase of 115,500 car loadings per week. Yet we faced this period with a surplus of only a little over 60,000 serviceable freight cars. It is clear at once that if there had been no strike the normal increase in seasonal demand would have brought about a severe shortage before September —unless the shop forces had been so augmented as materially to increase the supply of serviceable cars. Even if the strike had done no more than keep the shop forces at the same level as they were on July 1st, it would thus have had a noticeable effect.

It will be seen that the increase in car loadings between June and July, 1920, amounted to 7,000 cars, or about one percent, the large increase beginning in August. This year the July average weekly loadings were 775,000, or but 5,000 over June. This slight drop in the increase may already indicate the impingement of the car shortage on normal business. The most important conclusion to be drawn from it, however, is that the decrease of 40,000 in surplus cars in good order during July was nearly all due to a decrease in serviceable cars as a result of the strike. We now face the impending demand for over 110,000 extra weekly loadings, not with a surplus but with a shortage rapidly aggravated by the breakdown of repair work.

We have a large surplus of coal cars on account of the abnormally low shipments of coal. Once the coal strike is settled, however, the demand for coal cars will jump far above the normal level, and a shortage here is certain as well.

As far as cars are concerned, we shall at best not be able to take care of the seasonal increase due to crop movements nor of any increase in shipments of other commodities due to the business revival nor of the full demand for coal following the settlement of the coal strike. How much further than this the railroad strike will slice down the nation's activities depends on the rapidity of the deterioration of equipment, which is progressive and cumulative and will become more severe as long as the strike lasts.

The condition of locomotives is even more important than the condition of cars, though it is not known so definitely. At the beginning of the strike we had no more locomotives altogether than in 1920. About 24 percent of these were reported in bad order—far above the normal percentage. This percentage had not been greatly reduced for some months. A report covering the first two weeks of the strike, issued by the American Railway Association, does not give figures for all roads but those noted for a few of the carriers supposed to be in the best condition are telling. The Pennsylvania System turned out of its shops in the two weeks ending July 1st, 1,457 locomotives and in the two weeks ending July 15th, 722 locomotives —less than half as many. The New York Central's record for the pre-strike period was 694, for the strike period, 376. The New York, New Haven and Hartford dropped from 291 to 87. And it must be remembered that, according to the engineers and Interstate Commerce Commissioner McChord many of the locomotives actually on the lines are in a defective and dangerous condition.

If the strike should be settled at once, the public could not escape grave injury. Fruit growers and grain farmers would suffer heavy loss. Industry would be prevented from expanding as it otherwise would. Shortages of commodities would begin an unhealthy period of price inflation and speculation. So much is the price we are already bound to pay for the anti-labor attitude of a dominating group of hardshell railroad managements intent upon "fighting to a finish." How much further in this direction can they go without bringing consequences which will necessitate a different type of railroad management and financing? Certainly not so far as to cause a visible collapse of transportation—an entirely possible result if the strike should continue another month.

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# Violence in Industrial War

THE Manchester Guardian in an article on The Industrial War in America comments on the extraordinary violence which has attended the coal and railroad strikes in this country. It counts fifteen states in which troops have been employed (twelve, according to the Militia Bureau of the War Department) and refers to the long list of conflicts between police, state constabulary and privately employed guards, and the strikers. So frequent and widespread has been this resort to force that the American Civil Liberties Union, which prepares each week a case record of the violations of civil rights and the exercise of mob law, has given up the attempt to list the instances of strike violence, and merely summarizes the situation. The correspondent of the Guardian declares: "Certainly nowhere else in the world is the industrial struggle so consistently and bitterly violent."

The first and underlying cause of this state of things is undoubtedly the persistence of the tradition of intolerance from the days of the Puritan and the pioneer. These excellent people, to quote the article referred to, "did not believe in free speech or free thought for others." Hence the nonchalance with which communities and groups historically the most American deny and defend the denial of civil rights to those from whom they differ. The most immediate occasion of violence on the part of any people is the closing to them of legal channels of protection and redress. The extent to which such civil rights have been traversed by legislation, by courts, by the executive during and since the war, usually with the full sanction if not the enthusiastic approval of articulate public opinion, is appalling. The report of the Interchurch Commission on the steel strike is full f specific instances. How entirely a matter of course the withdrawal of civil rights has become is indicated by the correspondent of the Guardian who notes it as "a victory for the union when a New York lawyer, Arthur Garfield Hays, obtained an injunction restraining the police from interfering with a meeting in Vintondale." A great victory! The exercise of the elementary right of free assembly guaranteed by the Constitution. And at that the injunction was suspended.

Closely connected with the passive suppression of civil rights, and more immediately provocative of retaliation, is the illegal and partisan activity of representatives of government. This official violence also has grown to an unbelievable extent, and since the war has been generally condoned if not applauded by the public. It was a sheriff who led the band of citizens who deported over a thousand workmen from Bisbee; and a secretary of war who soon after commissioned him in the army. It was an attorney general of the United States who initiated the raids by which hundreds of men were deprived of liberty and even of life, without due process of law and under circumstances of extreme brutality. It may be asked: Why dig up these outrages from the past? Obviously because the seed was then sown of which we are reaping the harvest. Occasionally an event occurs to link the past with the present. The recent kidnapping of William Z. Foster brings to the front page, as the chief power in Colorado, the same Patrick Hamrock who was in command at Ludlow when the massacre of miners' wives and children occurred.

A third prevalent cause of violence is the fact that throughout the country protection and redress, which are properly functions of government, are regarded as private matters—and this too often with the acquiescence of government itself. This third cause becomes linked to the first two when private interests so completely control the government that it becomes indistinguishable from them, as in certain counties of West Virginia and Pennsylvania. Everywhere, however, the working of detective and security agencies with their professionally provocative tactics, is accepted as a natural recourse in industrial disturbances, and has the inevitable effect of converting such troubles into private war. Here again the indifference of the public is largely to blame, its tendency to regard a strike as a dispute between two parties from which it can mercifully remain aloof, instead of a symptom of disease in its own body politic.

These causes of extra-legal violence proceed in the industrial war from the side of capital. On the other hand, "American labor," says the Guardian correspondent, "has always been conservative in theory, but violent and bloody in action." Granting the "always," it is possible to see a certain alteration in the attitude of labor within the last year. Where at Lawrence, three years ago, we had textile workers exhibiting patience and self-control in the face of the cruelest provocation, we have the Pawtuxet strikers and sympathizers returning stones for bullets. In place of the cowed and passive aspect of labor in the steel strike we have the atrocious retaliation of Herrin. Undoubtedly this change is partly due to the fact that strikes which at first involved chiefly docile and timid foreigners, have now extended into industrial regions where labor has learned more thoroughly the American tradition. But it may be said without danger of contradiction that labor is exhibiting a new spirit: it is at least no longer taking its licking lying down. The Herrin occurrence is a symp-

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tom. Provoked by the murder of two unarmed strikers, their comrades cleaned out the whole crew of guards and strikebreakers, the mob putting to death more than a score, some of them helpless prisoners. The machinery of justice being in the hands of labor, the murderers will probably escape punishment, as Hamrock did after Ludlow or Wheeler after Bisbee.

There is no immediate promise of amelioration in the conditions in which industrial and other disputes are carried on in the United States. And yet certain remedies are easy to see and to reach if the spirit is willing. In the first place, the denial of justice and of civil rights to the weaker side, and especially the partisan activity of government against it, is so patent an outrage, so malignant an insult to the conception of law that it would seem that the body of men whose profession is law might be aroused to take account of it. The first remedy of violence is the transfer of the controversy to the field of free discussion, impartial inquiry and unbiased judicial action. The second is the abandonment of the system which commits the functions of government to one party to the dispute. The only way in which to fix a duty upon the proper authority is to forbid the assumption of it by private bodies. And finally the recognition of labor unions as legitimate factors in industry, as having definite standing in industrial disputes, should result in increased responsibility on their part for the maintenance of order. In the textile centres of New Hampshire the extra police duty made necessary by the strike has been assumed by the unions with satisfactory results. At first sight it might seem as if this process were at variance with the principle of placing full responsibility upon the authorities, but this is not so. In fulfilling its function the government may cooperate with any body of citizens to that object. The discipline of labor organizations is invoked for the control of their own members. If employers engaged mine guards and detective agencies to operate against violations of law on their own part the objection to such means of order would disappear.

The way out of the disconcerting phase of industrial dispute in which it becomes war is the same as that which promises hope for the settlement of the industrial problem altogether—confidence in labor and cooperation with its collective power. So long as the real objective of the employing class is to smash the unions, the industrial conflict will emerge into violence, just as modern civilized warfare, whose ultimate objective is the total destruction of an enemy, admits no logical limit to frightfulness.

# American History at Oxford

IN spite of James Russell Lowell's protest, On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners, Americans have had to endure, from Englishmen, an attitude that partakes now of intolerance, now of ignorance, now of a placid assumption that the little they know about us is all that they need to know. There have been, of course, remarkable exceptions, and Bryce and Charnwood attained an understanding of our political habits and personalities as thorough, to say the least, as any similar performance of our own. But these exceptions have only thrown into higher relief the common feeling of even intelligent Englishmen that America, while a show-place of mechanical genius and a monument to energy, remains mentally a desert from which they can have small hope of extracting either wisdom or interest. Our history remains a closed book to them; our literature they cannot yet come to the point of even trying to understand. There is always a great deal more about England in American newspapers and periodicals than there is, in English periodicals, about America. This is not sheer insularity, for the world, intellectually no less than physically, belongs to Englishmen more than to any other race. They have shown the highest curiosity about the countries most alien to themselves, and have written profoundly about them. Perhaps this lack of curiosity about us is, unconsciously, the only form of self-defense they have against their crude and noisy cousins. And cousins, if sufficiently close and sufficiently different, are often greater strangers to each other than people whose very language and tint of skin are not the same.

So it is good news to hear that Englishmen are to have an excellent opportunity to become interested in America. Mr. S. E. Morison (the author of the Maritime History of New England) is shortly to take his place as Harold Vyvyan Harmsworth Professor of American history at Oxford. This is the first permanent chair of American history in any English University. It is not, however, the first attempt to found such a chair: Mr. Morison tells the story of that earlier venture in his inaugural lecture (A Prologue to American History, delivered before the University of Oxford on June 1, 1922). About sixty years ago, during the Civil War, a young Cambridge graduate, Henry Yates Thompson, came to the United States. "Impressed by the ignorance of America that prevailed among educated people in England, he conceived the plan of founding a lectureship on American history at Cambridge." But his offer of an endowment was voted down by the Univer-

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sity Senate, 107 to 81. Mr. Morison quotes an account of how this happened from a letter written at the time by Leslie Stephen: "Directly I went into the Senate House yesterday, I saw at a glance that we were done for. . . . The sons of Zeruiah were too many for us. . . . They began by bemoaning themselves about Democracy without much effect, but when a clerical speaker announced that the President and Fellows of Harvard were 'Socinians'—it was all over. . . . When once the Church is having its foundations sapped, and that by an American democrat, it would be easier to argue with a herd of swine than with British parsons."

Of course the plan fell through. "As well," adds Mr. Morison, "as well today might Mr. Chicherin offer to endow a chair of Russian history at Harvard!"

This intense mistrust has of course disappeared, but ignorance and lack of curiosity remain. We doubt if there is anyone better qualified than Mr. Morison to dispel such a state of mind. If his Prologue fails to rouse among Englishmen an interest in our short past, nothing ever will, for his approach to history is that which will most surely captivate interest. He confesses himself "an historical hedonist: one in whom the pursuit of pleasure overlaps the pleasure of pursuit." He suspects that "much of our talk about the value of history, however true it may be, is a mere rationalization of the intense pleasure we take in reading history." He is just the right man to communicate a new pleasure to his hearers. His Prologue (which may be obtained from the American branch of the Oxford University Press for fifty cents) is more than a Prologue—it is as able, lucid and readable a summary of the essentials of our history as has ever been compressed into twenty-five pages. Not only does it offer rich new fields to people who have not thought them worth exploring, it will restore freshness to that faded picture, too full of dates, names, battles and commonplaces, which most of us have salted away in our own minds under the name of American history. It represents the best tradition of modern American historical writing,—sympathetic, unprejudiced, keenly aware of personalities yet not distracted by them, a way of looking at the past which seeks for the profounder truth in general popular currents rather than in the occasional individual reefs which rise above them.

How easily it might have happened that we were represented at Oxford by one of those historians for whom every Founder and Revolutionary Father is a 24-carat hero rather than by someone who can, for instance, speak of George Washington with Mr. Morison's friendly acuteness: "A man of few natural gifts, self-educated, somewhat slow-witted, but with a far-sightedness, an uncanny sense for choosing men and using them, an iron will, and a moral integrity, that are essential to our cause, and would have ennobled any cause. . . . We now know that he had to wrestle, not only with refractory conditions and men, but with another self: his victory appears only the greater."

One feels something like envy for the Oxford students who are going to be treated to Mr. Morison's expansion of that brief, just portrait, and to the many other pictures he will give them of our national figures, of our national backdrop, with its romance, its heroes, its gargoyles. They will have a chance to understand us as few of us understand ourselves. If made uneasy by our noisy, callow youth, they will become perhaps more tolerant of it when Mr. Morison tells them that "America, in order to fulfill the bright promise of her youth, must grow out of her youth slowly, and never quite outgrow it." And we should do well to learn ourselves, as they will be able to, the deeper reason for the political and moral squalls and fevers which trouble us. "The advancing frontier," says Mr. Morison, "that No Man's Land where the only law was force and cunning, explains the strange streak of lawlessness that runs through American society—paralleled by an equally passionate yearning for law and order even at the cost of liberty."

If there is every reason to be glad that we shall have such an interpreter as Mr. Morison in England, still it is rather a pity that he cannot stay here and teach us more about ourselves.

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# Events and Meanings

THE words that compose the title are redolent of centuries of technical philosophic discussion. It is not wholly possible for one who has been steeped too deeply in the history of the discussion to extricate the issue from the technical apparatus which has grown up about it. But the issue was one of supreme human importance before philosophers made it their own and it will remain of supreme importance when all professional philosophers disappear. Things are happening about us and to us all the time and to some of them we impute meanings. Be the meanings imputed by different persons the same or different we cannot avoid the imputing. We are made for conversation with our kind. When we are not urged into talk by the necessities of mutual dependence and assistance, we are brought to it by an inner push: communicate and share in the communications of others we must. Solitary confinement is the last term in the prison house of man, and speech with our fellows is the beginning of any liberation from the jail of necessity.

Although talking is itself an event, we cannot talk events. We can only talk meanings. We live in a world of events which determine our destinies, and so we audaciously assign to events the meanings we utter. There are, indeed, some philosophers who have been so aware of the audacity involved in using the frail human gift of speech to impute meanings to events, that they have pretended to eliminate all events, and admit only the meanings of meanings. But such closet attempts are soliloquies, not conversations. Where there is speech there are two, each of whom remains to some extent to the other a bare brute event, something to whose acts and words meaning can be imputed but who is not himself a transparent meaning. And if we fail to reduce one another to just so much lucid significance, how much greater is our failure with that vast dumb stretch of happenings in space and time which we call the world?

But equally it makes no difference, in view of the necessity to converse which we are under, whether events themselves have meanings or not; have them, that is, apart from us. We shall go on giving them meanings as long as we are human. "The rest is silence"—that is not life but death. It may be supposed that all speech, all attribution of significance, comes after the event, and hence makes no more difference to any coming event than it does to the event which has departed into the lifeless unapproachable recesses of the past. Perhaps our speech is already senescent when most juvenilely fresh; while talking of one event we are already being overwhelmed by some new event. But take the most extreme view about the inability of imputed meanings to make a difference to things and it still remains true that they make all the difference in the world to us. For it is just this power to attribute meaning to events —that is, the power of talking about them—that saves us from just being more events, caught in their flux, hurried along with them, caught among them and buffetted to pieces in their stress.

The introspective tendency of our Puritan ancestry is a commonplace. But the intellectual generation characteristic of today is even more introspective. Only its introspection is collective: we want to know what is the matter with us, not just with me; with America, not with the soul. Perhaps our fundamental trouble is lack of conversation. We do so much and say so little. Or our saying is so much of it just a little more doing rather than a conversation. Perhaps we need just one more Foundation or reform society—one to encourage sitting down and talking things over, and to discourage other organizations from doing any more things which only add to the infinite heap of things which already oppress us. First, like children, we get together and organize a society, frame its constitution and by-laws, and then, finding there is nothing more to talk about, drift apart or resort to "doing something." We are not satisfied till we ourselves have relapsed into the stream of events. Or instead of conversing we introspect—and the result is the egotistical soliloquies of the selfconscious intellectual, instead of communication.

Everyone who tries to tell us what is the matter with us tells us that we are just rushing about, doing things, on the move without caring where we are going if only movement is accelerating. We call the result "business" because at present business is our most conspicuous form of keeping busy with things. Hence the lack of art, of letters, of the fruits of the spirit. Our humor consists of jokes; our seriousness is exemplified in the Rotarian admonishment of the billboards that it is our solemn obligation to make ourselves prosperous.

All of our critics say this surplusage of activity is our trouble, and it is only too obviously true. But which is effect and symptom and which is cause? Do we fail in thought which is but preliminary conversation, and in art which is public

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conversation, because we are so busy keeping busy, or do we keep busy and hurry to lose ourselves in the stream of events because we are afraid of conversation, of thought and art which should say something? I fancy that it is the latter. But why this fear? Partly I suppose because events have been too much for us; too many of them and on too vast a scale. We can't find anything to say about them—except ejaculations. And so we just plunge into them and add to their overwhelming mass. Or because we feel helpless to converse about them, we reminiscently mumble over things said in the past. We revive the "classics." Or we become extreme modernists and string words together in a jumble, feeling that if we can only get as many shocks from words as we do from things and render the sequence of words as jumpy and blind as is the sequence of events, we shall have proved our competency to keep even, uptodate, with the most recent events.

There is another cause however for our finding no alternative between more doing, more events, and escape into either frantic words or dead languages. Those in power are after all afraid of ideas, of conversation. They are afraid that conversation is more powerful than the power of the events upon which they so triumphantly ride. They give out jobs to keep the rest of us busy, and they dispense indulgences, called sport and amusement. And we are afraid of losing our jobs or of missing the latest show if we idle to engage in converse. Yet there are those with a preference for speaking dead languages who tell us the root of our troubles is Puritanism!

As one too weak to dare to converse freely, I would take refuge in a plea to our overlords. After all, the assignment of meanings to what is doing and happening is not so powerful and so dangerous as you fear. It is true that ultimately you may be, nay will be, swept from the places of power and your dominion pass to others. But it will not happen because of permitting more conversation. The God of Events is himself a busy and jealous God. He loves events, and events are change. He will not tolerate constancy, and while you are mumbling about the fixed and eternal truths of our forefathers the flux of events is already undermining you. The God of Events has no intention of abdicating, least of all in favor of you who are the creatures of events. The events that will make a past event out of you are already beginning. Their efficacy will hardly be greatly increased by a little honest discourse concerning what is going on.

Meantime think of how much more interesting a world it will be to live in, even for yourselves, if only composed and articulate meanings are assigned to the happenings amid which we live. If you first permitted and then took part in a give and take of ideas, in a conversation which assigned meanings to the events which willy-nilly involve us, that ennui, that fear of the future, that now leads you to plunge further for an escape into busyness might be lessened. Thinking about events and celebrating them in tone and color and form might become more important than being an event. It is even possible that temporary abstinence from the course of events for the sake of conversing about them might moderate their violence, and by tempering power render it more stable. And then when the great change in the event does come, you and your children will be infinitely more prepared for it. For you will have developed a frame of mind which gives meaning to things that happen; and to find a meaning, to understand along with others, is always a contentment, an enjoyment. Events that have no attributed meanings are accidents and if they are big enough are catastrophes. By sufficient preliminary conversation you can avert a catastrophe. For nothing is a catastrophe which belongs in a composed tale of meanings.

And there always remains a possibility that an intelligent imputing of meanings is more than a personal delight and discipline. It may also be an event which affects other events propitiously. And if such should turn out to be the case, you who love your children even if you do not love all the sons of men, by encouraging conversation, encouraging thought which is more than a specialty and art which is more than an ornament, will have enabled your children to take part in some future course of events instead of being overwhelmed by them. Why be as the dumb beasts which perish, when events so alluringly invite us to tell that story about them which wise men have called truth and art? And above all, let us not any of us imagine that it is primarily the cause of freedom which is at stake in what is called free thought and free speech. The word "free" is unnecessary; it is redundant. It is thought itself, the life of meanings, which is at stake. Apart from conversation, from discourse and communication, there is no thought and no meaning, only just events, dumb, preposterous, destructive.

JOHN DEWEY.

## Vision at Noon

At noon we spread a yellow meal
Of cheese and bread and sweet warm honey,
And watch the golden eagles wheel
Above the people making money.

MAXWELL ARMFIELD.

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# The High Cost of Losing

I SAW a very little girl looking into a candy-store this morning in the Corn Market Street. She was an attractive little person of perhaps six years. She was dressed in the "Dierndl" dress, adapted from the peasant national costume which, because of its cheapness, is almost universal among the little girls of Frankfurt just now. Her yellow pigtails were arranged in matronly fashion about her head and beside her was a smaller brother, his own head so closely cropped that it looked like a golden hedgehog.

They were both gazing into the shop window with the solemn gaze of childhood as I passed along the street, and when I repassed some ten minutes later they were still there, as though they had never moved. It was a poor little shop, displaying only half a dozen shrunken oranges, some clamantly sandy dried figs, a trophy of obviously "dummy" cartons of chocolate and three glass jars filled with real but unwholesome looking "hard sweets." They were gazing at the candies.

I watched them for some minutes more and, on an impulse, I asked the little girl if she were going to buy her brother some candy. She told me very seriously "no," that they were much too dear to think of buying, but that he liked to look at them. I fear it earned for me the disapproval of educationalists, moralists, economists and all such uplift specialists, but I went right into the store and bought a pound of those candies and presented them to her. I would have bought more if they had been there, but my purchase exhausted the stock. They cost me a little over ten cents.

That little girl is representative of a large section of the German public today. It likes to look at all kinds of nice things, but it altogether lacks the power to buy them. I am not talking of the war-profiteers or the big business men. They are doing very nicely, thank you, and can buy anything they want to, whatever the price. How long they will continue to do so is another matter—if pessimists speak true. But no one need be sorry for them either way. The high class mechanic, whose prosperity rises with theirs, needs no pity either just at present. Nor does the farmer, who is perhaps the best off of any. But the rest of the public is paying very heavily indeed for having lost the war.

I do not know, but we will suppose that my little girl was the daughter of a clerk or some kind of workman not belonging to any of the more powerful unions, or of a music-teacher, or of a widow with a small fixed income, or for that matter of a doctor or a university professor or a newspaper man. In any case she had about as much chance of ever tasting that candy, except through the intervention of a foreign millionaire like myself, as I have of becoming President of Mexico. Taking all things into consideration her father's income, supposing him to be receiving a salary, might command anything from one-tenth to one-fifth of what it procured in pre-war days. Were she the child of anyone with a fixed income, such as a pension or an annuity, her parent's income would buy from one-seventieth to one-fiftieth of what it bought in the old days; if of the smaller professional class, perhaps with luck one-fiftieth. For you must remember that no one takes music or drawing or dancing lessons nowadays, and although the teachers charge more for their lessons, they reap accordingly little benefit. No one buys pictures or even books. You share the newspapers with half a dozen other families, and if you care for the theatre or for concerts you similarly share an "abonnement" of the cheapest places with half a dozen friends, taking your chance of what you will see. And only if you are very lucky indeed can you afford to do that.

Next to the very old and helpless, it is—however excellent as parents the German middle-class are—the children who suffer most. If your father's income is say, ten pfennigs, so far as purchasing power goes, for every mark it used to be, he certainly cannot afford to give you money to buy candy with. Even if he could, candy is one of the things which is disproportionately dear—chiefly because certain astute business men have established an iron control over it and sent the price skyrocketting out of all proportion to the average of foodstuffs.

No doubt a child can get on very well without candy; but milk is necessary to it. And you cannot get milk—except of the canned variety. The farmers have very little milk to sell because they are using their cows for ploughing and haulage, and for what they can sell they can get any price they care to ask from the new-rich. You cannot get butter either, for the same reason. In most of the towns you cannot get it at any price unless you have private means of supply. I have by way of experiment inquired in dozens of shops in various towns I have passed through in the past few weeks, and

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nowhere have I been able to buy it. There is margarine to be had, of course, but that cannot take the place of butter in a child's dietary.

You can buy cherries just now—at sixteen marks a pound—and very good they are. But although there is a noble crop of strawberries you cannot buy them in the big cities except in the "de luxe" establishments. You pay there from twenty-five to forty marks a pound, or if you are my little friend with the pigtails you go without. The dealers in the little towns do not stock them, they say they are too dear, nobody will buy them.

You can get bread—rye-bread—at a moderate price, but you are rationed for it just as you were in wartime. You can buy all the white bread you want, but you must pay from twelve to eighteen marks a loaf for it. In fact, if you are a little girl or boy in Germany just now your life is one long test of going without. It is even worse than that, because you have other trials also that are the results of having lost the war. What used to be venial sins have become capital crimes. If you break a window or drop ink over your dress or tear your pants on a nail you will have wasted a week's income for the whole family. As a rule you don't, because you are rather a solemn little mortal, pathetically old in adversity and not at all boisterous and—

I do not care if it *was* wrong—I am glad I bought that little girl that candy.

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER.

Frankfurt a. M.

# Three Hundred Million

THERE is one India we inherit from the story-books: a land of maharajahs decked in plumes and sashes—of dancers swinging heavy skirts to the muffled beat of Oriental music—of elephants in scarlet trappings—of wise men concentrating on the abstract—of magicians tucking themselves in wicker baskets to be hacked to pieces with a broadsword.

There is another India of burnt plains and cholera and fever. In that India the maharajah and the dancing-girl disappear as easily as the first rain of the monsoon falling on the desert. There is one thing grim and all-pervading, and that is misery. Interwoven with it are new aspirations, old bugaboos, certain problems much like those we have at home. But it is a busy world, and for want of time to understand its far-off places better, we tag them with a symbol. A white elephant for Siam, cherry blossoms or a yellow peril for Japan; and for India, because our image is usually the compound of adventure story, swashbuckling verse, rotogravure section and the tales of travellers who know that harems are more interesting to talk about than famines, for India it is usually the maharajah and the mystic, the fakir and the dancing-girl. We credit a romantic image the more willingly because, like the South Sea islands, it comes as something of an antidote to our own less colorful existence. We are as willingly credulous about India as are those Jugoslavs about America, who come prepared to pick up gold in Bridgeport.

## II.

Tonight the kettle-drums of Agra beat in unison. They are miles apart, across the city. Yet in every crowded street they rise together, fall together, roar out suddenly in chorus like a cataract. All Agra drums, for this is Shab-i-barát.

And once a year, on Shab-i-barát, the Mohammedans of India know that human deeds are measured and their meed allotted. Heaven pronounces judgment, earth rejoices. In every alleyway are Moslems shooting Roman candles. The black sky is striped with flame. Streets smell of powder. Rockets sail above the house-tops. Drums beat, and the nautch-girls dance around the bonfires, stamping their bare feet to the uneven rumble as it gathers speed.

Often in India there is some such festival as Shab-i-barát. Our own religious holidays are less spectacular. Christmas produces Santa Claus; on Easter Sunday the children of Washington roll colored eggs across the White House lawn. Christian fête-days are less garish. But then, in Christian lands there are world's series, dime museums, skating rinks and Coney Islands. India has none of these things. Religion, there, must work weekdays. It must furnish thrills, take the place of sport, inject a little romance into lives as dry as dust. Christianity is not so garish as the faiths of India, and does not need to be.

## III.

For Arjmand Banu, daughter of a Persian line of fortune-hunters, the Taj Mahal was built at Agra. It balances there, at the end of its lane of cypress trees, like some young dancer on a tight-rope. All lights are right for it. In the full glare of Indian noon its white flanks catch the sun like bevelled mirrors. Later, when a kinder light is

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turning green cypress trees to black, shadows run along its walls and bring new contours. And at midnight, the slender arches lose their sharpness, the marble terrace turns to meadow, and the white Taj seems a cloud-bank scuttling on the tropic sky. Superlatives of home-coming travellers cannot spoil it. There is little chance of pitching hopes too high.

A temple the like of which the world would never see, was what its builder swore to make it. He was Shah Jahan, this builder—Emperor of India. And to honor the memory of his young wife, Arjmand Banu, he built this mausoleum. Barge and caravan brought marble from Jaipur, jasper from the Punjab, turquoise from Tibet. Draftsmen came from Samarkand, inlayers from Lahore.

Twenty-two years the Taj was building. And Shah Jahan? Always somethings of a libertine, as time passed he lost his grip on life. He dwindled to an old voluptuary. His son deposed him. Seven years he lived a prisoner in his own palace. And then he died, a laughing-stock.

It was fortunate that Shah Jahan happened to be an artist, but inevitable that he would build some mighty structure. For Shah Jahan was a spendthrift, a slave-driver and a nepotist—and because theirs are the right qualities for the task it is usually the spendthrifts, the slave-drivers and the nepotists who give the world its architectural luxuries. Amenophis IV was as wise as any king of Egypt we know about; but Cheops was vain, despotic and prodigal with the energies of his slaves; and so it was Cheops who gave us the Great Pyramid. Marcus Aurelius was perhaps the finest of the Roman emperors; but Marcus Aurelius left no great monument to his own selfishness behind him; and it was Nero who built the Golden Palace. Louis the Fourteenth, not the French Republic, built Versailles. The good die young, make men think, or govern nobly. It is the bad who leave their footprints on the sands of time.

## IV.

Three hundred miles northwest of Agra the Golden Temple of Amritsar rises from a sacred lake. It is a bright copper island. One marble bridge leads out to it, lined with holy men who scourge themselves or stare into the sun until they lose their eyeballs. The pond is full of men and women praying half-submerged, or splashing as they rinse themselves in this rejuvenating water. Inside the Temple lies the one true bible of the Sikhs, the Granth Sahib, reposing on a footstool draped with crimson, green and yellow.

The Sikhs, whose chief shrine is this Golden Temple, founded their religion largely as a protest movement. Four hundred years ago they mutinied against Hindu priestcraft. A fiery prophet led them. They affirmed that God is one, the worship of idols abominable. They denounced the caste system. They forbade infanticide. They demanded that women be freed from harem prisons. They were thorough-going rebels.

The prophet has been dead for fifteen generations. The mutiny is over. Caste has crept back into the Sikh communities. Priestcraft officiates in the Golden Temple. The Granth Sahib, once a polemic against idolatry, has itself become an idol. . . . It is an interesting place, this temple, but it suggests no curious transfiguration. Often in the history of religions comes the protestant. And the disciples who fumble what he taught them ere his words are cold.

## V.

Famine and fever climb the foothills with you, go halfway to the mountain passes, then drop back beaten. North of one spur of the Himalayas, encircled by the tallest mountains west of Everest, lies the Vale of Kashmir.

Its people call it "Happy Valley." The soil is rich. Water tumbles itself, getting down the mountain sides to irrigate the fields. Red pomegranates line the roadsides. A winding road of poplars leads between round lakes, where rafts of reed make floating gardens. You pass women with black hair and slim straight bodies; unlike most of Asia they carry burdens on their heads, and not, with bent backs, across their shoulders. There are few of India's beggars and few of India's crippled children. Here and there is a town bright green on top, with grass growing a foot high on the roofs of every cottage. And always at the end of every vista is the snow of the Himalayas.

You can imagine this valley making crusaders of each generation, sending it crusading with the word that here was something fine enough to warrant faith. New religions, you might think, would keep tumbling down from Kashmir like its mountain freshets. But that is not what happens. It was from an arid Syrian hillside that Christ came —Mohammed from the desert, Buddha from the scorched plain that lies below these same Himalayas. The Kashmirs have less need of visions. It is the badlands that produce religions.

## VI.

Far below the Vale of Kashmir, in three cities of the plains, still stand the palaces that housed the

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kings of India before the days of British conquest. All three are royal quarters: pearl mosques and peacock thrones, arenas built for pitting elephant against tiger, great chessboards where slave girls played the part of living pieces. Life could be lived comfortably in these Indian palaces, even in India's climate. Each had bathing pools, floors tunneled with narrow waterways to cool the air above, towers contrived to catch the most reluctant breeze.

The western tourist, trudging through these empty halls, sees something either to marvel at or, if his interest lies that way, to associate with an incident of the Mutiny of 1857. But to the Indians themselves these palaces are neither spectacles nor landmarks. They are reminders of a lost independence, and a line of monarchs that has vanished. Shah Jahan, who built the Taj; Baber, whose battle-front was as wide as Europe; Akbar, who founded an administrative system that survives in India today.

Time is not a standard product. To the British, Akbar and Baber and Shah Jahan seem almost legendary figures; and to the Indians—those who know their country's history—it seems they ruled but yesterday. Indians and Koreans and Mexicans remember what British and Japanese and Americans forget. Time is versatile. It can even work two ways at once. For while the Mogul emperors are recent enough to be vivid symbols for an Indian, they are far enough off for him to have forgotten the iron hand of Baber, the tax revenues of Shah Jahan, and even the fact that these kings too hailed from an alien race of conquerors.

## VII.

The crowd inside the circus tent is spellbound. It has fought hard, through a still greater crowd outside, to get there. It does not mind the choking air, or the sun that bakes the weather-beaten canvas. It is watching Gandhi. He sits on a raised platform in the centre of the ring, preaching "passive revolution." He is a small man, sick and weary. He has no eloquence. He has not even the ability to make himself heard by the top rows of men and women who are slowly cooking. He speaks quietly and without gesture. The crowd does not interrupt. It watches him half-fascinated, as it might watch a battle. But when he has finished, top rows and lower rows bolt impetuously for him. It is not like an audience surging up to shake hands with a Congressman. It is the sudden rush of a college crowd, storming the man who saved the game, to carry him off in triumph.

This tired man is acknowledged leader of Indian nationalism. But India does not stop with that. Through distant villages runs the legend that Gandhi is a new incarnation of the spirit Vishnu. He has power to heal the sick and bless the blind with vision. If crops fail, he will grow cotton on the banyan trees. He can stop a British bullet.

The East is bolder with its imagery, but we are all good hero-worshippers. We do not take the great man with a grain of salt. If we admire him profoundly we want him just a little more than human. The soldiers storm the enemy trench with superhuman courage. The violinist plays with superhuman skill. The home run king clears the bases with a superhuman swing. Let a man found a new religion or lead the league in batting, and if the admiration he awakens is passionate enough, his disciples will supply the miracles.

## VIII.

Caste brands one Indian in every five "untouchable." That means it is pollution for the other four to take his hand or bump against him in the street. These other four must guard a precious social chastity. They move about in their own tight compartments of society, seldom intermarrying and never rising from a lower level to a higher one. Their castes date back theoretically to an original employment as priest, warrior, artisan and serf. The "untouchable" is not fifth. He is outside the system altogether. He is clay that would not make a man.

One fifth of India's people are "untouchable," and "untouchable" solely for the reason that their parents, and their parents' parents, have belonged in that stratum of society. They have never sinned against a code. Their sin was being born. In many parts of India they are forced to live outside the villages. They are often forbidden to draw water from the public wells. In certain places they may not even pass through streets inhabited by high-caste Brahmins. And sometimes it happens that they are not only "untouchable," but "unapproachable," "unshadowable" and even "unseeable" as well.

No one is certain how all this came to pass in India. As contributory causes, sociologists suggest poverty, a systematic division of labor, and successive layers of conquerors. But these things are not peculiar to India; China has them—and China has no caste like India's. It is easier to see what keeps the system going than be sure what started it. Caste has chiefly provincialism and autocracy to thank for its lease on life. "Untouchability" is practicable when people stay at home;

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less practicable on railroad trains. It works with despotism; but once there is a ballot-box, the politician has yet to be discovered to whom any conceivable vote would seem untouchable.

India may lose the caste system while we are still searching for its sources. But that need not check our scientific ardor. We can turn our efforts, then, to rationalizing the class systems that will inevitably follow caste.

IX.

Whoever dies in the holy city of Benares, say the Hindus, will straightway go to heaven however black his sins. For Benares is the gate to paradise. Here Brahma sacrificed ten horses, and here a million pilgrims come each year to worship. They bring leprosy and fever with them. It is the right place to die; so there are thousands who delay their coming until death all but has them down.

It is an unattractive city. A maze of dirty alleys hides another Golden Temple. Its floor is covered with a slime of fruit-skins and crushed flowers. Its idols are sheer perversion, clumsily contrived. Red bulls are pinioned to its altars with rings out through their nostrils. They moo, and pilgrims offer sacrifice. The air reeks. There is not one square inch of dignity. Religion has got down on all fours and grovelled.

Farther on, along the riverfront, the dead wait on the pavement for their funeral pyre. It is hastily built, and it only chars these lean brown bodies. What goes to ashes is scattered on the oily water. And it is in this sacred Ganges, unimaginably foul, that men and women wash their sins away.

Benares is a rare treat for the western tourist. It caters to him with the bizarre and the exotic. But it is a pillory for India's friends. Nor is this only western prejudice and squeamishness about dirt. It is Gandhi, himself a passionate Hindu, who brands Benares "an abomination," "no longer holy."

Benares is the Hindu religion carried far beyond the simpler saga-telling and Roman candle shooting it sometimes seems to be, in other parts of India. And it is something very different from the pure theory of the Indian intellectual, and the austere faith that successive Indian protestants have sought to make it. Repeatedly has a new, purged version of the Hindu faith been put upon the market. But religions which are simple and straightforward, religions which neither feed superstition nor arouse prejudice, sometimes die for sheer want of opposition. There is a certain Gresham's law in all religions. Not only in India has it happened that over a long period of time, with two coins in competition, the baser tends to drive the more valuable out of circulation.

X.

The last of India that an eastbound traveller sees is the Hoogli River twisting through a water-sodden delta. India disappears into a sky that looks as if it had been coated with the thick brown sediment of the river.

India disappears—too massive and too much a medley to leave a picture with sharp lines. Its people, one remembers, speak a hundred dialects. They are divided by religious quarrels that have led to open fighting within the last twelve months. They range in culture from the winner of a Nobel prize for verse to woodsmen who have never seen a sheet of writing paper. Customs vary—so much that fifty miles of India often change dress and manners more completely than two oceans change them elsewhere. Caste varies in rigidity. Ceremony varies. India is twenty lands, all light and shadow, a home for almost everything except the golden mean.

Over its burnt fields swarms a vast population—marching, as the legend says, in uneven stages through all the centuries from fifth to twentieth.

CHARLES MERZ.

# E. Collins, 2 b.

I READ of blunders and bigotries, of catastrophic acts of blind ignorance, of the incredible bungling of statesmen and those in high places and then my jaundiced eye, arrived at the sporting page, brightens. It falls upon a name in a column of names.

"E. Collins, 2 b," reads the heartening box-score, "a. b.-4, h.-3, o.-2, a.-3, e.-0."

With Senator McCumber, I join in the belief that God's sun still shines over us. Little Eddie Collins is still out there playing as near perfect ball as is permitted mortal man in a universe where error seems to be the order of the day.

Fifteen years ago when the Class of 1907, Columbia College, came up for graduation, its members were confronted with certain time-honored questions concerning their favorite authors, poets, historical characters, newspapers, actresses and habits. Assiduously gathered by the editors of the senior yearbook, the answers to the questions are presented every year to a waiting world as evidences of the tastes of the enlightened.

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Longfellow and Mrs. Fiske, the New York Times and Thackeray appear with suspicious regularity among the chosen ones. Everyone except Mrs. Fiske and the New York Times realizes that here is rather a tribute to the conventions than a true expression of preference.

While the young men of 1907 were solemnly setting down the names of Julius Caesar and Oliver Cromwell as their favorite historical characters, there entered a slim youth with the cocky walk of the trained athlete who sat himself down and wrote in a bold hand:

"Favorite Historical Character—
Pop Anson."

Eddie Collins, Columbia 1907, was already a familiar name in sporting circles. As quarterback of the Varsity football team in 1905—the last to represent Columbia for many drab years—he had furnished the one bright spot in the Yale game of that year, the memory of which still chafes Columbians. No one who sat in the stands and watched Eddie (who could not have weighed more than 125), handle every booming punt that came his way will soon forget the sight. So weak was the Columbia line, so swift the Yale ends that inevitably the midget quarter found two enormous forms hovering above him as he held out his hands for the ball. But Eddie never once signaled for a fair catch. Each time he took the desperate chance of evading those titan arms and each time Eddie's head hit the sparse turf of the American League Park with a thud that resounded over Harlem.

One never expected to see Eddie arise again after one of these astounding tackles. The eyes of the faithful were averted. But behold, there was Eddie on his feet like crushed truth arisen, yelling signals to his vainly struggling cohorts. And once he ran for thirty yards through men who loomed about him as Sequoias.

There is another and more pleasing memory for Columbia men of Eddie covering short in a Yale baseball game at the same park. The Blue and White pitcher that day took unto himself many of the disheartening characteristics of the Blue and White football line. But this time brawn didn't count for as much. Collins stood up under a rapid fire of hits pulling down screaming liners with his bare hands, intercepting certain singles, running over to second to retire rash base-runners. At bat he drove the ball just over the heads of Yale fielders or straight at their amazed feet. Baseball is generally supposed to be a cooperative enterprise but that afternoon Eddie made an outstanding case for the philosophy of individualism.

When a man has been playing professional baseball for fifteen years on top of four years of college ball he is usually referred to as "veteran," "hoary" and "old ancient." I have seen no such references to Collins. Never have I heard a fan remark of Collins, "That bird is cooked. They should bench him." Rather do the bleachers say with a certain awe, "You can't beat that Collins boy, he's in there playing ball all a' time."

But the perfect tribute to Collins comes, I think, from the umpires. These close-fisted cynics are Sir Huberts with their praise. Have you ever noticed that on those happily rare occasions when Eddie fumbles one, the base umpire turns and grins at his manifest discomfiture? It is decidedly unethical for an umpire to express any feeling whatever about the misfortunes of a ball-player. When instead of condoning them they smile, the implications are that the umpires are saying,

"Why Eddie, you of all people to pull a bone like that. I wouldn't have thought it of you, Eddie."

The day that an umpire, instead of kidding Eddie, pats him on the back after a muff, that day he becomes "the veteran Collins."

Collins is sure of his hand from the stands in whatever park he plays, because to the American baseball public he represents two things more to be desired than honey and the honeycomb—the fighting spirit and the competence that makes it effective.

Go up to the Polo Grounds the next time the Sox are in town and watch Collins bring his whole team along with him to impossible victories. If you are wearied of man's seeming impotence, especially wearied perhaps of the inability of the unquestioned fighting spirit of the radical and liberal to arrive anywhere, listen to Collins exhorting his colleagues in "large, divine and comfortable words" and then watch him arrive at second-base an eyeflash ahead of the runner.

Some years ago another Columbia man wrote a haunting poem beginning,

"They went forth to battle
But they always fell."

Sometimes it seems as though all movements for progress in affairs social, political and economic had chosen those lines for a slogan. We are constantly going forth to battle but we seem always to remember the fate of those imagined heroes. Our fighting spirit is there but it is doomed to sterility by the fatalism of the second line.

I would like to have Eddie Collins's opinion of such a philosophy of forlorn hope. I am very much afraid he would descend to the vernacular of the ball park and dismiss it as "the bunk."

McAlister Coleman.

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# The Strange Case of Mr. Foster

County of Cook, }
State of Illinois } ss.

Before me this eleventh day of August, A. D. 1922, appeared William Z. Foster, who, being duly sworn, deposes and makes the following statement:

On August 6th of this year, being advertised to deliver a public lecture entitled The Crisis in the American Labor Movement, in the Painters' Hall, Denver, Colorado, I arrived in that city and registered at the Oxford Hotel. About five o'clock P. M. three men appeared in my room and announced themselves as Colorado Rangers and produced badges and identification cards to that effect. All three were heavily armed, wearing revolvers in open holsters. The Rangers were in plain clothes. They stated that they had been instructed to take me in charge. They were in command of one Corporal Sherif, or Sherf. I demanded that they produce warrants for my arrest, but they said they had none and did not need any. I demurred at going with them under these conditions, but they promptly informed me that if I refused to go they would compel me to by force. Thereupon the four of us left the hotel, they taking my suitcase and handbag with them. Mounting an automobile stationed at the door, they drove me about twenty miles north of Denver to a place called Brighton where I was put in jail after being thoroughly searched and having all my belongings taken away from me. On the trip from Denver to Brighton the Rangers stated repeatedly that they were acting under the orders of Adjutant-General Hamrock, and as soon as we arrived at the Brighton jail, Corporal Sherif, or Sherf, called up Hamrock on the long-distance, hurrying the telephone operator with the statement that the call was very urgent. When the connection was made, presumably with Hamrock, Corporal Sherif expressed great satisfaction that he had succeeded in taking me into custody. He also told the man at the other end of the line that I would be kept in jail over night and taken north in the morning. Before being placed in the cell I demanded the right to communicate with my friends or an attorney, but this request was denied with the statement that I was being held strictly incommunicado.

On the following morning, August 7th, about 9:30 A. M., the same three Rangers appeared again at the Brighton jail and took me in charge. They drove north by automobile to Greeley, Colorado, and called at the sheriff's office there for further instruction—apparently they did not know what our final destination was. At Greeley, the sheriff—whose name I was unable to learn—ordered my picture taken. I protested vehemently at this, declaring that inasmuch as no charge had been preferred against me they had no right to subject me to the indignity of being photographed in the fashion of a criminal. In reply to this protest the sheriff said that he would assume all responsibility and that if I did not sit down quietly in the chair and have my picture taken he would show me how they accomplished that job with rebellious prisoners. So there was nothing for me to do but submit. After my picture was taken I was weighed, my height, the color of my eyes, etc., noted. The sheriff stated that these facts were being ascertained and the picture taken for the Army Intelligence Bureau, whether State or National I was not told. After this indignity had been forced upon me, the same three Rangers set out with me again in the automobile, this time bound for Cheyenne, Wyoming. In the meantime, just before we left Brighton, the Rangers returned my suitcase and handbag to me. The latter had been entirely emptied of its contents. These contents consisted principally of a manuscript of a book I am writing upon the labor movement, a large number of newspaper and magazine articles together with some old pamphlets, to be used as reference works for the same. In addition there were a number of clippings taken from capitalist papers regarding my trip West under the auspices of the Trade Union Educational League, of which the visit to Denver was one part. Besides, the handbag contained numerous small articles of apparel and toilet, which had likewise disappeared. I was told by Corporal Sherif that these missing articles were all being held by the State of Colorado. I was given no receipt or other acknowledgment of the valuable property which had thus been taken away from me by force.

Proceeding to Cheyenne, we crossed the line from Colorado to Wyoming without any legal formalities whatever, driving straight on, twelve miles approximately, to the office of the sheriff in Cheyenne. Two of the Rangers went into the building to inquire the whereabouts of the sheriff. They came out shortly, stating that the sheriff had gone down to the state line to meet our party. Thereupon we backtracked in our automobile the twelve miles to the Colorado-Wyoming state line over the same road we had come. While these Colorado officers were holding me in custody in Wyoming I protested vehemently against such an illegal proceeding but my protests were unavailing. Without regard for my rights I was taken back to the Colorado-Wyoming line and there handed over to the Cheyenne sheriff, who was still waiting there, having failed to recognize our party when we passed him an hour or so before. Quite evidently the Cheyenne sheriff was a party to the conspiracy to illegally kidnap me, for he took me in charge without any formalities whatever. The Colorado Rangers then left, departing in the direction of Denver. The Cheyenne sheriff had a Ford machine driven by a man whose status I did not learn. This was about 2:30 in the afternoon. We set off towards Cheyenne, but instead of going into the city, as the Colorado Rangers had told me we would, and where I was to be placed upon an eastbound Union Pacific train, we skirted the outside of town and drove off to the northeast. After driving until almost seven o'clock the same evening, and with no explanations being offered me by the sheriff, I was finally unloaded on the open road, together with my two bags, some six miles from Torrington, Wyoming, a town on the Burlington railroad just inside the eastern border of Wyoming. I protested at such an indignity, and demanded that the sheriff at least drive me to Torrington. But he declared that he "had no time," although he apparently had plenty of time to take me over one hundred miles on a kidnapping trip, as well as make the return trip himself. He also denounced me as an I. W. W. and warned me that they "did not want any such around the U. P." He told me not to come back to Cheyenne again upon peril of my life. Then he and his chauffeur drove off back along the same road we had come. I made my way to Torrington, arriving there just about in time to catch the eight o'clock train that night for Omaha, Nebraska.

The above is a true account of the incidents of my kidnapping by the Colorado Rangers.

Further affiant sayeth not.

(Sgd.) *William Z. Foster.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this eleventh day of August 1922, A. D.

(Sgd.) *Raymond J. Kennedy,* Notary Public.

My commission expires May 24, 1923.

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# Wilkins and the Eternal

TALKING with a young ranchman who got on the train at Alpine set me to thinking of my friend Wilkins.

Wilkins is one of the editors of a great newspaper, and suits perfectly his position. He is informed on everything, matters of the natural and the economic and political worlds, personal facts about the eminent, movements, radio fads, theatre conditions and Washington gossip. And he has things always pretty clear in his head, he gets them straight and he distributes them winningly. But all of his information when considered together has no simplification, no unity. There is no one synthesis of all his details that has any ideal force; and no sense on our part of an important metabolism of all the stuff he chews upon. His conclusions are reliable without being significant. His cosmos seems active and crowded but neglible.

Though not unpleasantly so, Wilkins is also in a perpetual stew. He is always exercised over unjust trials, starvation societies, milk scandals, political plots, unfair reports, religious discords, needed expeditions, heron tails and states of affairs in San Domingo, California, Madagascar and the Orient, as well as the private wrongs and misfortunes that he would like us to attend. Since the war this tumult has been livelier than ever in Wilkins. Every new movement, significant or merely newspaper-made, right or wrong, looms high to him; and the growth or decline of even the chewing-gum habit suggests to him the future of the world and its dilemmas. In moments of impatience—when for instance he insisted on discussing tenement housing one night as we went home across Central Park, and in the light fog the lake was like a moon rising among the rocks—I say to myself that Wilkins is like a monkey with glue on his hands and a feather that he keeps busily removing first from one hand and then from the other. But that is not fair. His problems and causes are not feathers; they may fit rather externally to him, but they are real enough; it is Wilkins's own reality that sticks in your craw. All this concern in him never rises, or sinks inward, into a passionate interest. He could never be burnt at the stake for a cause, though he is always finding bitter cases of people who have been burnt. And in all his stews he is mostly right. But right in a way that must be wrong, a way that somehow never brings a centre to himself, never brings some clarity of purpose or spirit to the man exercised. This right way of Wilkins's contributes to no central quality. It follows any lead. It has no rest, and yet it brings no purging orgasm of the soul. In sum there is nothing about Wilkins that can be separated from the confusing and accidental sides of him, and can be thought of as a whole, a unity, a continuity, with an aspect on it of the eternal.

The young ranchman as we rode along had been telling me, rather briefly, of his life. He kept sheep for an absent landowner, he said; he had an old Mexican woman and her husband to care for him and was otherwise alone. Every three or four weeks he rode horseback eighty miles to town; galloped most of the way; the sorrel never minded, the sorrel was used to it. Sometimes he was out all night. Sometimes, he said, he slept out on the hill, because he kind o' liked it.

This man had an open face, with a sort of animal quiet on it, combined with great character and force. There were shades in his voice frankly moving and tender; his eyes were a changing gray under their dark brows and in the shadow of a black sombrero.

As we sat there he went on now and then with some remark, speaking directly and simply what he chose to say. He had been a garage foreman for five years, he said, in town, but had come at last to the ranch, just the life he wanted. You should hear the coyotes howling, along about three in the morning, oh, man! But I found myself only half listening. I was thinking of Wilkins, his facts, his unrests, his causes, committee engagements and perturbations; and replied rather absently. At length the ranchman too grew silent.

Beyond the window I could see the stretches of country as we went along. We were traversing a world of rocks and plains and long lines of lifted hills, under an omnipotent sun. It was a land spacious and open to dwell in. It was fixed in its great forms; and under the varying light of the night and day it seemed to change not as something visual changes, not the kind of change that concretely strikes the eye, but ideally, as music changes, in a purer medium.

I looked at my companion as he sat there gazing down at his hands which were clasped on one knee. Certainly there was something separable about him, a central and almost impersonal quality such as one felt in the country around.

Finally he roused himself to speak, and said, without looking up, "There's been a heap of wind these nights."

## II

A few days afterward I was thinking of Wilkins and art. A man, if he cannot find in nature some kind of central basis for himself, some release that would help secure in him his own unity of character and desire; if he cannot distribute his elements toward some harmonious end in him through discovering some mirror or pattern of his soul in nature; might find all this in art.

Such a man as Wilkins might use art as a guarantee of our responsiveness to the world about us. He might look at Duse's acting, for example, and take from it the comfort and the terrible silence of knowing that human life can be so sensitive to the forces that it meets, can be so passionately strong and delicate in what is its main instinct, the response to and judgment of the world about it. And in art there is possible a more just arrangement of this material than we are able always to manage in our daily living. Under the artist's hand abstractions emerge from objects, from persons or events or whatever he treats. Such a man as Wilkins might with the help of art discern more clearly than he can in life the existence for him of such abstractions as beauty, proportion, balance, for example, or rhythm. For art parallels life without repeating its casual obstacles and limitations. Art's great success is that it creates in a world of accident and endings and interruption a sense of the eternal and continuous. Not that Wilkins should use art as a narcotic, not as something that drugs and puts the inquiring soul to sleep, but as an assurance of a certain freedom that comes from looking at such truths, however abstract, as all art rests its designs upon.

These abstractions—such as beauty or proportion and so on—may exist objectively in the universe, to be found there and recognized by our minds. Or they may be merely relationships that the mind is able to pick out and create for itself. They may or may not be actual and eternal; that is not the point, which is that our ability to discover relationships that will compose these abstractions is eternal; and that, as time passes, our sense of the possibility of our finding them, finding behind life these large and ultimate attributes, may be in itself a kind of peace. In it there

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is at least the happy suggestion of the harmony that comes of intelligence left free from the accidental and confusing. There is a suggestion of the unity that comes of our happiness in recognizing dependable and final qualities for our contemplation. And the contemplation of these abstractions—which grows easier for us if art is one of our ways of living—gives us light for our actions and thoughts and constancies of habit. Taste, conscience, justice and our other attributes are only these same patterns carried into our living and recreated in its terms as they are in terms of painting, music or poetry. And on these patterns the great company of art creates and has created as nature puts and has put vitality and mass on the roundness of a seed. A work of art as it completes itself takes on a design that is abstract and separable; and to it man's whole being may respond, partly to the sensuous and to the actualistic appeal of the work, and partly to its abstract pattern; and his soul may find at the same time, strangely enough, its burden of cares removed, its private and incidental case ignored, and its deepest essence revealed and expressed.

Poor Wilkins! to him art is detail, mild entertainment, social needs, movements and matter for current chatter and personal gossip. And whatever is said of it, now or at any time, he will only catch up on the point of his pen for the blithe uses of his information and turbulence.

But if Wilkins could only read in art a little, it might help him where life seems not to have helped. He might learn how short the flicker of his little causes is, and with exactly what degree of diligence they should be attended. He might learn that the information that never takes on a pattern for him, is always on his outside, however apt for daily journalism. And he might learn how still and quiet the eternal is; how the balance of lines or the reticence of shadow in a painting, or the figure in some symphony, may carry on them the pattern that might express also parts of his own life for him, with security and an ancient and long-tried expressiveness. For this assurance and experience in art he need not set up a system or dogma, hard and fast and limited; he need not take to seeing through life's veil and commercing with celestial voices; he need not acquire some false finality of creed; nor shirk life in some walled garden of beautiful creation. He need not be dogmatic or mystical or religious or aloof, to get some centre, at least, for himself by finding in art always some central truth of design and the presence, as in nature, of beauty and power.

STARK YOUNG.

# *CORRESPONDENCE*

## Graft in Soviet Russia

SIR: The following article, reprinted somewhat abridged from Isvestia, is interesting in two ways. It shows the ancient heritage of graft under which all Russian industry and attempted reconstruction must struggle, and it shows the attitude of the government, which thus, in its own official organ, keeps pointing out its own failures for the information of all the people. Similar articles are fairly common, and always with concrete detail.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Moscow.

"I, as a journalist, was given the following ordinary expense account of an agent of a government institution. It is written like any ordinary account: first the heading, then the items of expense, then the signature—in a word, the most ordinary possible account.

"It is the statement of the spending of an advance given to an express agent of the Goods Department of the State Bank, Mr. Vorobiov, for the despatch of 206 bales of dry-goods from Ivanovo-Voznesensk to the State Bank in Moscow.

| Expenditures May 24, 1922 | Roubles of 1922 (worth about ¼ cent) |
|---|---|
| Carfares in Moscow | 50 |
| Droshky to station | 250 |
| Ticket to I. V. | 780 |

"Thus it begins, and you have a whole series of similar expenses for tickets, telephones, etc. But what struck my attention was items which suddenly got in between telephone and droshky bills. Such as these:

| | Roubles |
|---|---|
| May 31. Paid to train despatcher and car coupler at I. V. for doing work in time | 2,000 |
| To baggage cashier for prompt writing of papers and acceptance of goods | 1,000 |
| For the attaching of the car in Yurev to the next train | 1,500 |
| June 3. To man on duty Alexandrov station for *not detaching the car!* | 1,000 |
| To express official Mastin (not stated for what) | 5,000 |
| June 7. To car inspector and station master at Sturgiev station (not known for what) | 2,000 |

"Under the account comes the signature, and then: 'This account inspected and found correct,' signed by the head of the dry-goods section and the bookkeeper of the State Bank. And then: 'Invoices nos. 24463 and 24464 delivered to representative of State Bank, received by—' Here Goliukov signs and also again Vorobiov.

"Pretty document, isn't it? Such frankness we have never reached before. The goods department of the State Bank, in order to forward goods from Ivanovo-Voznesensk to Moscow, not only is obliged to give to the right and to the left, for loading, attaching and even 'for leaving the car on the train'; but more, it is obliged to accept such a document and thus legalize the transaction.

"You will agree that this is too much! Of course, in the old days the zemstvo organization would always assign certain sums 'for unforeseen expenses in moving goods on government railways,' on which grafting flourished during the Tsar's time, especially during the war. Now the State Bank follows in the steps of the Zemstvos, and perhaps other state organizations as well are doing so. This phenomenon contains a greater danger than grafting itself.

"Peoples Commissariat for Railways, State Political Department, and Workers and Peasants Inspection—take notice!!!"

## Mr. Hillquit and Political Prisoners

SIR: On August 2nd you print with apparent approval Mr. Hillquit's definition that "a political prisoner is one convicted not for a common-law crime involving moral turpitude, but a violation of special statute enacted in a political emergency which has since passed."

I would point out that under this definition the Tsar could have claimed that he had no political prisoners in Russia. For I understand that the so-called political prisoners under the Tsar, so far as they had been convicted at all, were held guilty of violating the unquestioned common-law of Russia, violating it in a way which involved grievous moral turpitude in the eyes of the government and of its millions of supporters throughout Russia, with reference to a political emergency which had not at all passed.

That a political prisoner must necessarily be one whose imprisonment relates to a past political emergency and not a present one is surely a discovery on Mr. Hillquit's part. I could conceive that a time might come when he would wish he had left it undiscovered.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts.

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# Books and Things

FROM Anthony Comstock to John S. Sumner—it is a melancholy decline in nomenclature. By how much Mr. Godkin used to relish Horgan & Slattery as the firm name of a couple of Tammany architects, by so much did many newspaper readers, in Anthony Comstock's lifetime, relish his name as the right one for the most active officer in the Society for the Suppression of Vice. To many such readers any article was interesting in which the name Anthony Comstock occurred or to which it was signed.

Mr. Sumner, upon succeeding Anthony Comstock in office, does not seem to have realized how heavily he is handicapped by his colorless name. John S. Sumner—it is a grey name, a pale name, a poor weak nothing-saying name. It leaves one in doubt whether etiolation is the matter with it or whether somebody left it out too long in the sun. It fails, as Anthony Comstock's name seldom failed, to give, without needing help from its context, to the more disputable exploits of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, that touch of farce which is so lenitive and appropriate.

Time and again Mr. Sumner fails, time and again he does not even try, to recapture that lost note of farce which gladdened our ears in the Anthony Comstock or golden age, and which haunts our memories still. Has Mr. Sumner no friends whom he can trust when they tell him that his office will be abolished unless he either restricts his activities or else learns how to keep the public amused? When he is not inconspicuous he ought to be funny. To do from time to time something obviously unwise, to say from time to time something not quite so obviously silly—this appears to be Mr. Sumner's conception of the part he ought to play when he departs from his native inconspicuousness. It is a misconception. Unwise acts and unwise words are within reach of us all. We utter and do them every day. What we expect from Mr. Sumner, whenever he tries to suppress a new novel or a translation of an old novel, is something to make merry over.

What he has been saying lately won't do at all. "Some of our younger writers, literary infants," he declares, seem to be trying "to determine which can compress between the covers of a book of fiction or an alleged scientific work the maximum amount of pornography, filth and socially destructive instruction. Lacking the ability to be original, they seek to be shocking and succeed only in being loathsome." Alas, my brother! These words are not funny. No one will read them and then go forth chuckling to his labor, a happier because a merrier man for the rest of the day.

The utmost I can extract from these words, after more pressing and squeezing than they merit, is a faint wonder at what I take to be Mr. Sumner's juvenile pleasure in the juxtaposition of "instruction" and "destructive," a feeble surprise at his infantile belief that a loathsome book cannot be original. That any literate adult, that even the secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, should in the year 1922, with Don Juan about a hundred years old, still think the will-to-shock incompatible with originality—it may amaze all of us, it does amaze some of us, but are we amused? Mr. Sumner must do better than this, a lot better. If he can't keep the table in a roar the time may be near when we shan't let him come to the table.

No doubt Mr. Sumner, if he does me the honor to read this article thus far, will agree with me that the Society for the Suppression of Vice would be likely to live longer if its secretary were a more amusing controversialist. The rest of what I have to say is addressed not to Mr. Sumner but to his opponents. Just as our controversies would gain if he were a figure of farce, so would they gain if we made, now and then, an experiment; if we undertook, for example, to print what we thought; if the New York World, say, which wages war upon Mr. Sumner's excesses usefully and ably, would put more candor into its attacks.

Lack of candor is regrettable, among other reasons, because it is so easily mistaken for lack of sense. I quote from the World, replying to Mr. Sumner: "The literary infants keep the torch of literature alight, and what is good in their work survives and what is bad perishes." Well, take Congreve, for instance, who wrote just about nothing worth reading after he ceased to be a literary infant, and see how the World's assertion sounds: "What is good in Congreve's work has survived and what is bad has perished." Has that sentence any meaning? Or has this: "Literature that is merely indecent is indefensible"? Can you think, offhand, of a book that is both "merely" indecent and also "literature"? And do you regard this sentence as remarkable for fidelity to any state of mind that was ever actual in the man who wrote it: "The objection is not to this activity [Mr. Sumner's when he is sticking to what we all call the useful part of his business] but to the far departure from it in the society's prosecutions for the publication or sale of books not 'merely obscene' but possessed of intrinsic literary merit in which the alleged obscenity is at worst only a casual blemish."

Try as I may, I cannot imagine the writer of that sentence reading any particular book in the spirit of that sentence. Does he ever say to himself, for instance: "This French author I am reading, Rabelais, is possessed of intrinsic literary merit. His alleged obscenity is at worst only a casual blemish"? Such a mental attitude is not mine. To me Rabelais' obscenity is neither a blemish nor casual. If I find, the next time I read a bit of Rabelais, that his obscenity, instead of being frank and glorious, is nothing but "alleged obscenity," I shall be disappointed.

Or take a writer whose obscenity often is a blemish and often, to my taste, not. Take Sterne. His obscenity is not casual: it is so pervasive that you never feel quite confident of its prolonged absence. Sterne picks his way, on tiptoe, knowingly—careful to put his light feet exactly where many greater and many lesser writers couldn't have been bribed to go—along a little silvery sewer that only seems to be meandering at its own will. The will is Sterne's. He meant Tristram Shandy to be an indecent and delightful book, and it is both. Sometimes it delights us without being indecent, sometimes its indecency is delightful, sometimes it leaves us wondering how even Sterne could have made the mistake of supposing that any smell, if bad enough, must be good enough to print.

Any one among a score of writers would have served as well as Rabelais or Sterne to illustrate my point, which is merely that in our controversies with Mr. Sumner we have nothing to lose, and a little reality to gain, by abandoning a few of our pretences, especially our pretence that we share his dislike of every kind of obscenity, that we should like all the indecent great writers better if they had written their books so as never to offend Mr. Sumner. I call this a pretence because I never come across it anywhere except in print.

P. L.

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# Floreat Etona

*The Oppidan, by Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

THE English public school like the English Church is an institution peculiar to its race and nation. Like the English Church it has a fiction of its own, comprising according to Mr. Leslie some forty books. But while the Church is broadly national, and the cathedral novels of Anthony Trollope might as well find their scene in York as in Salisbury, the school is subject to further differentiation; each institution has a life of its own, a character peculiar to itself. This character was determined in the latter half of the nineteenth century by the personalities of the great headmasters. Rugby was the first school to feel this quickening influence in the person of Thomas Arnold, and the first public school classic, Tom Brown's School-days, is a celebration of his influence. Harrow followed with Vaughan, and Eton with Hornby and Warre, of whose rule the present volume is a monument. Naturally the literature which grew up about the public school, written as it was by the old boys, tended toward idealization and hero-worship. Only recently has the school life of England been subjected to the critical examination of realism. The change may be dated from Kipling's story Stalky and Co. and may be followed in Alec Waugh's Loom of Youth, and Mr. Wells's Joan and Peter. Harrow has brought the two methods into sharp antithesis in On the Hill and The Harrovians. Mr. Leslie's treatment of Eton partakes of both types. His Edmond Warre is a striking figure but no hero. He created "the greatest athletic school since the nurseries of Sparta," but Mr. Leslie does not hide his regret that this policy dwarfed the intellectual life of Eton and exiled such men as Oscar Browning and William Johnson. The tragic moment in Warre's career, as Mr. Leslie portrays it, was when he crossed the playing field to two boys, and passing by the youth who had twice been sent to him for distinction in scholarship, congratulated the boy who had won a race in double sculls—and whom a day or two after he had publicly to expel.

"Where life becomes stereotyped or traditional, the material of a novel may be found. The more restricted, the more difficult and interesting a novel should become," writes Mr. Leslie in his preface. This is literally true of The Oppidan. Eton College is in a sense the most traditional, restricted, individual of English public schools. Founded by Henry VI, a few years after Winchester, it preserved a mediaeval exclusiveness and a pride of place which set it apart from its rivals of Renaissance foundation. Its speech, its dress, its customs remained remote and peculiar. In his uncompromising attitude toward local color Mr. Leslie has made his story difficult. The reader, involved in the intricacies of "the wall game," will grasp or help at Mr. Clutton-Brock's Handbook of Eton, and Mr. Clutton-Brock will tell him that it cannot be explained. But the story is likewise interesting. The life of Eton is not merely a congeries of unmeaning customs: it is a survival of things that were once great and holy. Peter Darley, whom Mr. Leslie makes his persisting character, is sensitive to the spirit that once animated old ceremonies that have become caricatures, to the memories that gather about ancient buildings and landscapes and portraits. Nor is that life merely an inward growth of self-sufficient snobbishness. It goes forth to great tasks of war and government, and reaches across the world. Eton was the kernel of the old Empire. Wellington's remark that Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton may be apocryphal, but Mr. Leslie writes truly that "Etonians seemed to inherit the Empire their forefathers had made." Into the Eton of which he writes came the Boer War, which sounded the knell of the old Empire and the old Eton. "Never had Eton borne so great and so gory a mantle." It is the refinement of Mr. Leslie's art that the concealed tragedy which marks the faint plot in his story, turns on the fact that Peter and his unknown sister were children of an English officer who died in Egypt, leaving to each the half of a scarab. The halves are reunited—but the threads that identified them are broken. Peter and his sister never meet.

There is something in English school life of the last century, in its perfection of bodily culture, its untroubled serenity of mind, that reminds one of the Greek training of youth. The narrow dependence of the English schools on the classics undoubtedly protected them from the intellectual disturbance and discouragement which ravaged the universities. Of the joy of boyhood in such a school "where life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames," Mr. Leslie's book is compact. The river indeed was always in Warre's day a determining factor in the life of Eton, for the Headmaster was a great oarsman and made rowing the premier sport. Mr. Leslie's account of Socstone's victory in the double sculls is a masterpiece in the literature of sport. There is also the fragrance of English landscape and season; the richness of English character flowering in reminiscence; the play of English practical humor. And again, to recall the evanescent reminder of things Greek in this English story of boyhood, there is recurring as a motive of fate the association between youth and death. One of the most moving passages in the book is that in which Peter stands in awe before the historic stone under which boys had fought their battles with ungloved fist, and recalled that here Wood and Ashley fought to the latter's death.

> They began to fight at about half-three and till five and half-five they still fought on, and the crowd grew and the cheering swelled, while the sands of life ran thinner and thinner. They were in the third hour of their struggle when Wood fell upon Ashley's shoulder and hurt his neck. What a cry must have echoed through the old trees as the great fight was finished. What cheering awaited the victor and what consolation the loser, who was carried home and only gradually became insensible, dying without priest or physician about eleven that night. . . . Peter imagined Ashley lying like the lithe and graceful body of Sarpedon in Flaxman's illustrations to Homer, carried by Death and Sleep. How glorious it was to have attained fame as an Eton boy and to be remembered from generation to generation.

It was likewise Peter Darley's fate, obscure and humble though he was, to die within the walls of Eton, to be mourned by the whole body of his fellows and by the dread trinity, the Head, the Provost and the Vice-Provost, to receive the tribute of lilies sent by Harrow.

> The School was deeply stricken, but knew how to present a gentlemanly appearance in the face of Death. Neither the maudlin nor the cowardly showed in the faces of the boys. Their Etonian fathers and forefathers had all had to meet the invincible one. . . . They seemed to have heard the last Requiem for all Eton's dead, for the slain in the Crimea, and for those being slain from week to week in the African veldt. . . as though they also were doomed to pass through some far-off and fiery harvest, of which the first fruits had been mysteriously reaped before their eyes.

In such passages as this one is moved to think that Mr. Leslie has caught the very spirit of Eton, in the strange and ironic beauty with which he writes of things desired and loved and passed away and yet eternal.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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# The Cleveland Criminal Survey

*Criminal Justice in Cleveland. Reports of the Cleveland Foundation Survey of the Administration of Justice in Cleveland, Ohio. Directed and edited by Felix Frankfurter and Roscoe Pound. Cleveland: The Cleveland Foundation. $3.75.*

"WHAT have we better than a blind guess to show that the criminal law in its present form does more good than harm?" So spoke Mr. Justice Holmes, then of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, some twenty-five years ago. His words are substantially as true today as when they were uttered. No genuinely scientific and thoroughgoing study of our substantive law of crimes or of criminal procedure with a view to their simplification and modernization has as yet been undertaken by the legal profession. To be sure, some progress has been made, especially in the study of the best methods of dealing with "criminals" after conviction, but that the larger portion of the work necessary to adapt even this part of our administration of criminal justice to the needs of present-day society remains to be done is clear to any one who is familiar with the methods still used in handling prisoners in American penal institutions. The appearance of the present volume will therefore be welcomed by all who are interested in the development of more scientific methods in the administration of criminal justice, for it constitutes the first step toward an end which is much to be desired.

An adequate study of our system of criminal justice would include first of all a careful examination of the body of the substantive criminal law, that is, of the definitions of crimes. Here would be found a heterogenous collection of rules, some common-law, i. e., formed by the process of judicial decision, others statutory. Many of the common-law rules would be found to be unnecessarily complex and based upon distinctions which originated in conditions which have long since disappeared, leaving no social justification for the limitations of the rules in their present form. The result is to render needlessly difficult the task of the trial judge in applying the law to the facts of each case, and so to increase the number of reversals by appellate courts. A careful reexamination of these definitions and distinctions would, it is believed, show many points in which greater simplicity, or at least less complexity, could be reached, and others where the rule could be reformulated so as to be better adapted to the life of today. Next would come a similar careful study of the details of criminal procedure. Many of these grew out of the conditions under which criminal trials were conducted generations ago, conditions which have long since ceased to exist. A study of English experience under a simplified criminal procedure would show the extent to which most American jurisdictions have failed to keep abreast of the best thought of the times in these matters.

In addition to this survey of the law itself a complete study of criminal justice would require a critical examination of the machinery for the enforcement of the law, including: (1) methods of detecting crime and of securing the apprehension of supposed offenders, i. e., of the organization and working of the detective and police forces; (2) the organization and functioning of the public prosecutor's office; (3) the courts which are supposed to administer the law, including methods for the selection of judges and organizing them for effective work after they are chosen; and (4) penal and correctional methods—a determination in the light of present-day psychology and criminology of the best ways to deal with persons convicted of crime so as to accomplish the ends for which the criminal law has been created.

The present volume may be regarded as a first step toward such a comprehensive survey of the administration of criminal justice in the United States. Undertaken under the auspices of the Cleveland Foundation, and so necessarily confined to the limits of a single city, the Cleveland Survey obviously could not undertake the complete study outlined above. Only a survey with a state or preferably a national scope could undertake to deal adequately either with the problem of the reform and simplification of the substantive criminal law or with that of criminal procedure as a whole. Consequently we find matters of the substantive law of crimes are not dealt with in the present work, and criminal procedure is touched upon merely incidentally in connection with the discussion of criminal courts. The scope of the present Survey can perhaps best be indicated by noting the headings of the different sections: Police Administration, Prosecution, The Criminal Courts, Correctional and Penal Treatment, Medical Science and Criminal Justice, Legal Education in Cleveland; Newspapers and Criminal Justice, Criminal Justice and the American City.

In the mind of the average American citizen the failure of our criminal law to accomplish its purposes is doubtless ascribed largely to the personal delinquencies of the individual human beings who at a given time are charged with its administration. Perhaps the most notable thing about the Cleveland Survey is that it proceeds in utter disregard of this popular notion. In the first place, the immediate responsibility for the carrying out of the survey was placed in the hands of men who were experts in the fields involved. In the second place, these men were chosen from outside the city and in such a way that no one of them would have any direct personal interest in the outcome of the investigation or be subject to local influences tending to prevent an impartial study. In the third place, no attempt was made to fasten upon any official connected with the administration of the criminal law in Cleveland the responsibility for the failure to obtain better results. Instead, the whole attention was directed to the system as such, including, however, both the opportunities which it afforded to interested persons to divert it from its purposes and also ways of improving the system so as to minimize such possibilities. In these respects the Survey is a model which may well be imitated in subsequent surveys which, it is hoped, will be made in other parts of the country.

It is not possible within the limits of a brief review even to summarize the conclusions reached in the Survey. Those who wish to learn what they are without going through the complete volume can do so by obtaining the excellent Outline of the Cleveland Survey of Criminal Justice which has recently been issued by the Cleveland Foundation. Certain practical results of the Survey must, however, not be passed over in silence. In the first place, there has been formed the Cleveland Association for Criminal Justice, an association whose members are the great civic organizations of the city, such as the city Bar Association, the Chamber of Commerce, the Civic League, etc. The object of the Association is to exercise a constant surveillance upon the processes of justice and to assist the authorities in making improvements in the organization and operation of the agencies of criminal justice. The Association in order to carry out these purposes, has already installed a card-index system indicating felonies, keeping a record in one central office of the complete history of each case and

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its prosecution; also a list of all bondsmen. It will thus be possible to tell from this record whether undue delay is occurring in any case, and if so, just where the responsibility lies. If the information thus made available is followed up by one of the standing committees which the Association has created, it is difficult to overestimate the effect upon officials who might otherwise be inclined for improper reasons to delay the legal processes. A number of other practical results of the Survey are also reported in the Outline referred to.

It is to be hoped that this Survey is only the first of many which will be forthcoming from the leading cities of America, and that in addition state-wide surveys will be undertaken, at least in the larger and more populous of the states. Only upon the basis of a comparative study of the facts which would be found in such a series can a scientific study be made of the whole problem of crime and its prevention in America. Is it too much to hope that in the more important cities and states public-spirited citizens, especially the members of the bar, will see to it that these surveys are made? And when their results are available, may we not expect that one or more of our great university law schools will undertake a careful comparative study of them with a view to drawing up a rational program for dealing with the whole problem? The question is one of wise social engineering, and like all engineering problems requires first of all a patient accumulation of the relevant facts. The various city and state bar associations should see to it that the work so well begun by the Cleveland Survey is carried forward to completion.

WALTER WHEELER COOK.

# The Twilight of Hapsburg

*The Emperor Francis Joseph and His Times, by Lieutenant-General Baron von Margutti, C. V. O. New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.00.*

THERE were a few good things—now it can be told—in the bad old days of the Austrian Empire, and one of them was its officers' corps. Politically the Austrian army was an instrument of dynastic oppression, the mainstay of an intolerably artificial system. But seen as human material, the officers of the old Imperial and Royal establishment, especially the older generation, were by no means an unattractive lot. They had a fine sense of honor, a simple-minded, unquestioning gallantry, devotion to service, and within their narrow limits a truly democratic spirit of camaraderie, an esprit de corps as unlike as possible the stupid and aggressive snobbery of Prussian officerdom, or the semi-Asiatic swagger of the nobles of the Hungarian cavalry.

Of this splendid, if not by up-to-date standards eminently useful type of manhood, the author of this rather stout volume of memoirs, Lieutenant-General Albert Baron von Margutti, is a fair example. He is the typical Austrian officer down even to the detail of not being an Austrian —that is, a German—at all, but an Italian of Trieste; for the term Austrian never denoted a race, but something finer and deeper if less tangible—a culture and a tradition. And the queerest thing about his book is that it is, of its kind, a masterpiece. With absolute un-self-consciousness, with the crudest technique, with touches of a child-like naïveté and a streak of old-maidish sentimentalism showing through here and there, this thoroughly unliterary elderly general has, by dint of sheer truthfulness and sincerity, and the observant power of a shrewd if unsophisticated mind, evolved a series of historic portraits of which at least two will endure. They are those of the old Emperor Francis Joseph and of the murdered heir to the crown, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

Naturally, the best of the lot is the picture of old Franz Josef himself. The author had been attached to the Aides-de-Camp's Department for seventeen years, during which period he was in daily contact with the Emperor. It may be true that no one is a hero to his valet. It says a good deal for Francis Joseph that he managed to remain a hero to his adjutant. Yet, though one cannot help liking Margutti the better for his dog-like adoration of his master, one cannot possibly share that adoration. The old monarch emerges from these copious and affectionate pages as a second-rate edition of the type of military ruler fixed for modern times by Frederick the Great.

To be sure, Francis Joseph had his admirable qualities. His industry and efficiency were enormous, inhuman; so was his memory. He was an accomplished linguist. He lived with true Spartan simplicity. Amid the splendors of his numerous palaces he always slept on a campaign cot. He rose at four, breakfasted on a glass of milk, and worked incessantly till eight at night, having luncheon at his desk and a brief interlude for dinner. At eight he went to bed. He passed on the smallest details of military and civil administration by means of myriads of written memoranda. The office of no American industrial magnate could be run with a swifter and smoother efficiency than was the private cabinet of the Emperor. But of what kind was the intelligence governing this miraculous will-to-work, this astounding sense of duty, this unmatched bulk of governmental experience? Alas! it was, like his iron bed, that of a subaltern—and a mediocre one at that. He knew everything about his lands and peoples—everything except the few real essentials. This ruler who spent fourteen hours a day at his desk sems to have died without discovering that there was such a thing as a social problem. He never even knew, for instance, that there was a Slovak question in Hungary. He was aware of the racial difficulties in Austria, but totally uninformed on those in Hungary—he lived in an eternal scare of his Magyar junker advisers who bullied him into believing anything they wanted him to believe. He never wasted five minutes' thought on the education of his only son and heir, Rudolph. Of art, literature, music, he had not the slightest notion —it is doubtful if he ever read a book.

He had two grand passions. One was ruthless enforcement of regulations as to military dress. The other was refusing to shake hands with any one except members of the highest aristocracy. At receptions he passed up gray-haired generals of plebeian descent in favor of the merest green princeling. Misfortune, of which he had more than his share, soured and hardened him. He lived and died a petty military bureaucrat, peevish and distrustful and unforgiving, a vexed slave to his own imperial dignity.

Of different stuff was the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Bigoted, parsimonious, an unrelenting hater, there was in his makeup an element of true greatness. He was an untiring student of politics—a selfmade man, educationally, in the incredibly superficial atmosphere of the Hapsburg court. He combined the fanaticism of a Ferdinand II, the terrible Caesar of Jesuit counter-reformation, with the grand conceptions of Joseph II, brilliant if unlucky disciple of Frederick of Prussia. Had his scheme of federalizing the Dual Monarchy obtained a chance of realization the face of the world might be different today.

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He had astonishing flashes of political insight. His pet fixed idea—that the Magyar junker attitude toward the non-Magyar races would ultimately wreck the Empire—proved only too true. And in the autumn of 1913 he told Margutti that Prussian megalomania would plunge half-prepared into a world conflict in which Germany herself was doomed to go under.

The portrait of the Empress Elizabeth is not quite rounded off, but whatever is given in the way of facts seems authentic, and confirms the idea generally held of that unhappy woman. She was an artist and a wanderer, of considerable intellect, liberal sympathies and a fine sensibility. She was in every way except will-power far superior to her husband. Her conquest of fate was less complete than his; it was also a much more difficult achievement, for she lacked his egotism and his sense of an extraneous "mission," and she was handicapped by an unfathomable sadness, the quality that turned all the splendor of her gifts to ashes. It would take a Meredith to render full justice to her complicated and melancholy character.

Of the 372 pages of the book three hundred, at a rough guess, deal with Francis Joseph. In these three hundred pages the reader will find *one* inkling that the old Emperor possessed a soul. When he received the news that the Empress had been assassinated—his wife from whom he had lived apart for decades, whom he did not, as a rule, see four times a year, "bereft of all reason and self-control, he stammered out: 'No one knows how we loved each other.'" For once the man pierced, from within, the triple shell of the actor, the prig and the machine. With that groan of sorrow Francis Joseph joined, for a moment, in the common human tragedy of existence.

EUGENE S. BAGGER.

# The Shakespeare Canon

*The Shakespeare Canon, by J. M. Robertson. London: George Routledge & Son. $5.00.*

*Croce as Shakespearean Critic, by J. M. Robertson. London: George Routledge & Son.*

IT is not difficult to find many good people, by no means lacking in fine feeling with regard to literary questions, who consider that Mr. Robertson's touch is a profane one. The Folio of 1623 is "good enough for them" and they are scandalized at the patient and ingenious efforts which Mr. Robertson, Mr. Pollard, Mr. Dover Wilson and other scholars have been making to undermine its absolute authority. Such protests are grounded upon a misunderstanding; these critics do not see that the root difficulty (if there be a difficulty) with these inquiries into the authenticity of the whole corpus of plays that goes under the name of Shakespeare is that the scholars conducting this examination have, if possible, too great a reverence for Shakespeare; that they hold up so high a standard of his dramatic and poetic workmanship as to refuse to admit much inferior stuff which the enthusiastic traditionalist is content to accept as genuine. The adoration of even a Furnivall seems pale and mild compared to Mr. Robertson's estimate of the merits of what authentic Shakespearean work must be. Too often he relies (in part at least) upon the flat declaration that Shakespeare *could not have written* such and such a passage, ignoring the fact that the question at issue is whether he did or did not write it. Homer may nod, but Shakespeare never lapses.

The present reviewer is not a traditionalist; he is not to be grouped in the company of what Mr. Shaw once called "respectable Shakespeare-fearing Englishmen." He has followed with great interest the gradual widening of Mr. Robertson's investigations into the Shakespeare Canon. In the past this critic has done very notable work and this present instalment is worthy of what has gone before. The difficulties of the task have been great, for not only has the investigator had to face the shocked obstinacy of the traditionalists but he has had to formulate for himself a body of principles of what may be called literary connoisseurship. His methods are akin to those practised for many years by such art-critics as Mr. Berenson and Mr. Perkins, though there is happily no fear that Shakespeare will ever be left so shorn of all work traditionally assigned to him as, say, Cimabue has been left in these latter years. Much—practically all—that bears the stamp of supreme poetic excellence remains; and if Mr. Robertson is correct and if those plays and parts of plays which he rules out of the Canon actually do not belong to Shakespeare, the poet appears not less admirable but if possible more splendid in reputation than before.

In the present section of his work Mr. Robertson studies three plays about which my own misgivings are of long standing—in two places going back in a crude form to childhood. I remember vividly how after delighting in Henry the Fourth in much the same way as Richmond Roy taught Harry to delight in that work, I read Henry the Fifth. A juvenile reader is unfettered by questions of authorship and authenticity; but I felt keenly that Shakespeare was not up to the mark; that there had been a falling off; that the promise made at the end of Henry the Fourth had not been kept; that somehow I had been cheated. Pistol and his companions had suffered a sad change since Falstaff left them; Prince Hal had become a tiresome ranter. Something was wrong. And something was wrong, too, with Julius Caesar, despite its interest and charm. Who was the hero? Was this vain strutting man one saw so little of the same person called "the mightiest Julius" in Hamlet? Who was Lepidus and what was he doing in Act IV? Why, really, did Brutus and Cassius quarrel if they simply "made it up again?" Misgivings as to Richard the Third I have no recollections of at so early a time.

The excuse for recalling these vague suspicions is that many other readers must have experienced similar doubts. Mr. Robertson boldly faces his misgivings, seeking either to justify them or to exorcise them. One has little hesitation in saying that he carries conviction with regard to his main contention: the presence of non-Shakespearean work in the three plays just named. By arguments along various lines he makes clear the probability that Julius Caesar as we have it is a by no means entirely successful condensation or rifacimento of two or, more probably, three earlier dramas: one concerned with the greatness and triumph of the mighty Julius; a second depicting his mental and moral decline, culminating in his assassination; and the third setting forth the consequences of that event. That different hands were at various times at work upon the existing play is made probable by consideration of the self-contradictions in the character of Brutus, of Cassius, and of Portia. He inclines to the belief that the play was tinkered with and condensed after it had left Shakespeare's hands, Shakespeare having previously reworked and in part rewritten earlier plays that in some form or other went back to Marlowe and his group. Here we

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touch on delicate ground. So long as it is a question of blatant contradictions in the interpretation of character; of abruptness and confusion in the exposition; of lack of motivation; and of the presence of various puzzling lacunae we can follow the critic's argument fairly confidently. But the difficulty of carrying conviction by the sort of proofs upon which literary connoisseurship depends becomes obvious when the critic attempts to assign to other writers what have always been held to be Shakespeare's very *words*. Oxen and wainropes will not drag me to the belief that Shakespeare did not write "Friends, Romans, Countrymen." It is far easier to believe that somehow in the heat of composition (influenced perhaps to an unusual degree by the rhetorical necessities of the situation) the poet sacrificed the particular metrical characteristics to which according to the scholars he was committed at that period of his career. The argument from "once-used" words must face similar doubts; and here one must add that though Mr. Robertson is careful not to allow too much weight to hang upon verbal coincidences unless they are supported by other lines of proof, nevertheless he certainly presses his matter of mere verbal echoes to an extreme that he would himself ridicule if he discovered it in the Baconians. (A single example: he actually cites in italics the coincidence of the words "inhuman creatures" in two passages.)

Much the same holds good of his contentions regarding Henry the Fifth and Richard the Third. One is inclined to agree with him as to the non-Shakespearean "origination" of both these plays; and one will go even so far as to admit the probability that there is very little of Shakespeare in either of them. But one parts company with Mr. Robertson when he attempts to piece together in a mosaic resembling Professor Haupt's Polychrome Bible the contributions of Marlowe, Greene, Kyd, Heywood, Jonson, Chapman, Munday, and a whole crew of co-workers. His arguments are often ingenious but his conclusions cannot be accepted as absolute and final. This he will himself of course admit.

I have left myself no space to deal in any detail with this same critic's admirable brochure on Signor Croce's essay on Shakespeare. Perhaps it is not necessary further to criticize a criticism of a criticism of Shakespeare than to say that all scholars, at least all English-speaking scholars, will heartily support Mr. Robertson's contention that the great Itaian philosopher is absolutely wrong in denying the possibility and the utility of critical discrimination between genuine and non-genuine matter in the Shakespearean plays. I do not deny the value of such attempts to discriminate and I recognize that in certain cases Mr. Robertson and his fellow-investigators have reached conclusions that approximate certainty.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

# Popular Social Science

*Causes and Cures for the Social Unrest, by Ross L. Finney. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.*

*Christianity and Industry, a Series of Seven Pamphlets. New York: George H. Doran Company. 10c each.*

"THIS book is a message to the 100 percent American of the middle class," to quote the author. It is frankly a piece of propaganda—an attempt to "sell" to the prejudiced bourgeoisie a sympathetic understanding of the causes of proletarian unrest. The author has rushed to the bedside of a feverish country, in an effort to cure its ills. He is doing his bit. In his haste to reach his public he has frequently been careless in fundamental thinking, in organization and in diction, and even at times contradictory.

The psychological angle from which he approaches his task is interesting. He identifies himself throughout with the middle class, and in his introduction reproduces exactly in mental processes and phraseology the average man's reaction to social questions. After thus gaining his "prospect's" confidence, with a volte-face he prepares a brief for the validity of the discontent of the working man. In tone, this argument contrasts strongly with the introduction. The Chautauqua speaker has given place to the college professor, who presents surface skimmings from his class notes, abounding with echoes from Freud, Sumner, Malthus and Ricardo—particularly the latter. To borrow further from advertising patter, the writer of this piece of propaganda has not "visualized his typical prospect." Perhaps he should hardly be blamed; a typical member of the middle class of America is difficult to visualize.

In the chapters that follow this somewhat academic portion of the book, he again bids for the sympathy of his fellow bourgeoisie by showing that upon the removal of these causes of unrest depends the preservation of the whole middle class. The reforms he advocates range from the encouragement of bedtime stories and songbirds to the limitation of armaments and the control of monopolies. Simmered down, his main argument is that: 1. The standard of living of the poorer classes should be raised to that of the middle class—by what means other than restriction of immigration he does not state. 2. The standard of living of the rich should be reduced to the bourgeois golden mean through income and inheritance taxes. 3. The middle class should maintain its old-fashioned standards of simplicity and morality in order that it may be the salvation of the country.

This salvation from unrest is to be brought about by the cultivation of the study of social science—the creation of social science Chautauquas, as it were—and finally, by the revivification of the church through socialized Christianity of the Rauschenbusch type.

In marked contrast to this work of Mr. Finney's are three pamphlets by Kirby Page in a series Christianity and Industry. Mr. Page is also trying to present the facts of the present industrial situation. However, where the author of Causes and Cures for the Social Unrest was avowedly writing for Doc Kennicott, Kirby Page's analysis of the United States Steel Corporation appeared in the Atlantic. These pamphlets, together with Sherwood Eddy's discussion of America—Its Problems and Perils, are intended for use by discussion groups and as such are terse, brief outlines of the main social issues. Both sides of the case are usually stated, although there is no doubt where the authors' sympathies lie. The other pamphlets in this series by Kirby Page, The Sword or the Cross and Incentives in Modern Life, are pragmatic attempts to show that a humanitarian attitude toward the problems of industry and war squares with the precepts of Christianity, and that the churches have failed to make precept and conduct coincide.

Startlingly different is Fellowship, by Mathews and Bisseker, a transcendental exposition of the method followed in certain discussion groups. That the aim of this method is to secure an open mind and mature deliberation before action should recommend the pamphlet to groups using this series for study—though the language is mystical to a degree.

LOIS G. SUTHERLAND SPEAR.

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# Slabs of the Sunburnt West

*Slabs of the Sunburnt West, by Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt Brace & Company. $1.50.*

"And as imagination bodies forth
"The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
"Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
"A local habitation and a name."

THE nothing to which the pen of Mr. Carl Sandburg gives a local habitation and a name is neither airy nor truly nothing, but as a giver of shapes to the unknown things of the imagination it stands very high. He seems to have an especial gift, a capacity for giving color and substance to the facts of human life and the circumstances of its development in a new nation. He is a poet of great distinction. Personality, genius, perspicacity, fire, love of life, Sandburg has them all and what is more he is able to make his readers apprehend them and the delight he takes in their use. Why then is he no more than a poet of great distinction? Why is Slabs of the Sunburnt West on the same level of excellence as Chicago Poems, or even, as I think, a little lower? Perhaps it is that he has acquired such mastery over that blending process which makes of language a music played to the listener that underlies all flesh and blood, that he can make a false note seem a true one. Such a dangerous ability implies a remoteness from the Tower of Ivory which I do not believe he would be happy to support.

Mr. Sandburg has formed a conception of the vernacular which, as such, is thoroughly acceptable. He is, however, constantly confronted with the difficulty of reconciling this chosen speech with the formal requirements of his manner of composition. The beauty which Mr. Sandburg originates is in a strict sense a vernacular beauty, yet to me it seems marred and often effaced by his fear that dignity will estrange it. At such times he is like a shy schoolboy who makes preposterous and foolish remarks because he is afraid of being thought serious.

If, as his publisher declares on the jacket of this volume, Mr. Sandburg enjoys the writing of poetry as an art and a religion, he should take pains to avoid giving the impression that he enjoys it as a game of poker in which fifty percent of everything is left to chance. If poetry is worth writing it is worth working over. I thoroughly believe that a speedy divorce arranged between Mr. Sandburg and the Chicago Daily News would do much to give the world a great poet in exchange for a fine poet certain to die with his promise unfulfilled. Poems like The Windy City and Slabs of the Sunburnt West, in which a real beauty and an almost apprehensible style are achieved through the imaginative use of the vernacular idiom, are distinct and very splendid additions to the literature of the American language.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

# Grant

*Ulysses S. Grant, by Louis H. Coolidge. Centenary Edition With Introduction by Major-General James G. Harbord, and With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.*

IT is pleasant to have an excuse to call attention to this reprint of Mr. Coolidge's notable volume on Grant in the American Statesmen Series. Professor Dodd's introduction is replaced by one by General Harbord, the margins are widened and a few mediocre portraits are introduced; otherwise there is no change, except in price.

As is well known, this biography devotes two-thirds of its judicious, scholarly and well-written pages to the life of Grant after Appomattox. It does not succeed in making the Presidency more than an appendix to the General's campaign, but it unifies his career by a clear presentation of his character. Both as President and General and even as Secretary of War under Johnson, we see him as a simple, stubborn, self-confident, persistent, reticent man. We can even understand why his passionate disdain of Johnson blinded his eyes to a policy of reconstruction which accorded with his nature more readily than his own and robbed him for a while of the maganimity and tolerance which have brought him his noblest fame. It is well to have a biography of Grant which does not attempt to rival his own marvellous Memoirs and the detailed accounts of Badeau; Mr. Coolidge does for Grant much the same service that Mr. Bigelow has done for Franklin; but for all that the first third of the book is its most impressive portion; one enjoys a concise and masterly record of great achievement, with its inevitable revelation of great personal characteristics in an unprepossessing spirit, far more than an apology for a mediocre Presidency, even though the Presidency has been ignorantly defamed and the apology is worthy and judicious.

A. W. VERNON.

# In Defense of Satyrs

*Mr. Antiphilos, Satyr, by Remy de Gourmont, translated from the French by John Howard. New York: Lieber and Lewis. $2.00.*

FOR sheer delight you will have to go far before you come across another such book as this one of Remy de Gourmont's. The afternoon of a faun grown somewhat contemplative—could it be otherwise?

"I reread what I have written with a sense of pleasure, change a few commas and amuse myself hugely," writes Mr. Antiphilos, satyr, resting his writing pad upon his shaggy kneees. Although he is about eight thousand and nine hundred years old he is frank to confess that he does not know women very well. Alas! that is his undoing. He to whom the seasons mean more than metaphysics allows himself to be metamorphosized. He leaves his dearly beloved grotto for the bewildering novelty of the villa. "I would have really liked to sacrifice once more to the sylvan Aphrodite, but Cydalise said that the train would not wait for us."

Not without a certain doubtful happiness does he find the life of a domesticated faun. But he feels cabined, a sense of diminishing divinity. He can no longer accept life as it is offered. Still he keeps silent, "imbibing the benefits of civilization without a word." Comes a day, however, when Cydalise goes away, forgetting to lock him in.

With his friend, Diogenes, he takes to the road. And yet there is ennui. The immanent risk of becoming a Christian satyr looms big. There is nothing but flight left for him, back to the "old, consecrated woods . . . to the land of Theocritus." Mr. Antiphilos feels forced to admit that men are as incomprehensible as women—though not in quite the same way.

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The flimsiest of gossamer plots, yet altogether sufficient to hold the delicacy of de Gourmont's satire. His is a gentle cynicism grown mellow with much understanding of men and things. "Yahoos! That is the feeling you all give me. Do not be offended! There are women, there are men among the Yahoos."

Reading this book one catches a glimpse of the modern sophisticated pagan sorrowing for his lost innocence. And it is all very melancholy, this seeking of sylvan haunts and the simple realities of an Arcadian dream, in one to whom "all things are equal in absurdity." Very melancholy, and in the case of Mr. Antiphilos, Satyr, very beautiful, like an autumn afternoon.

Let there be praise, in passing, for the translator. Mr. John Howard has done an exceptionally good piece of work in catching the delicate nuances, the lucid clarity so native to the French, and particularly to that master subtilist, Remy de Gourmont.

EDWIN SEAVER.

*The Index for Volume XXXI, which was completed with our issue No. 403, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to the New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.*

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